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The Listener

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'Portrait of a Young Boy Standing', by Cornelis de Vos: from the exhibition of Flemish Art at Burlington House, London (see page 1010)

In this number:

Kenya's Most Critical Phase (Vincent Harlow)

Atom and Void in the Third Millennium (J. Robert Oppenheimer)

Virtue in Our Time (Alan Pryce-Jones)

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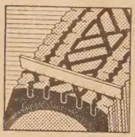

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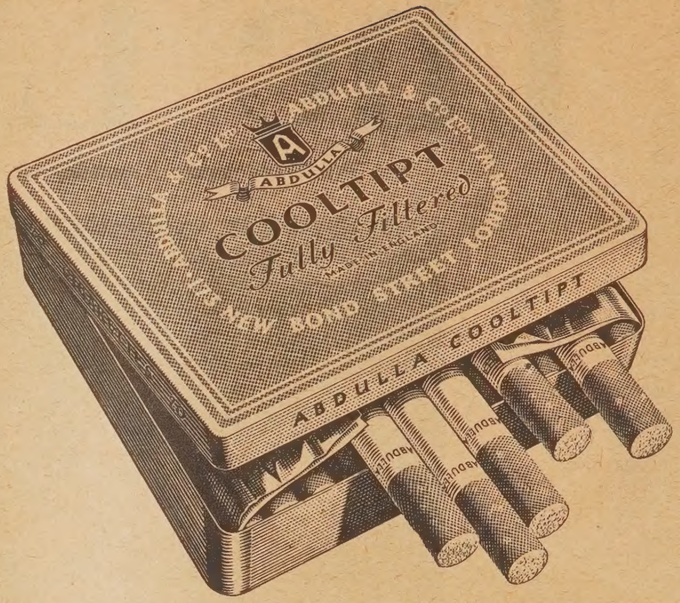

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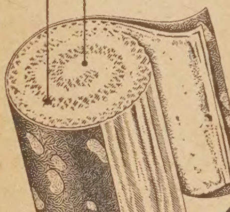

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Kenya's Most Critical Phase

By VINCENT HARLOW

WE have grown accustomed, unhappily, to Kenya being in the news. The name 'Kenya' evokes an almost automatic response—'Mau Mau'. Yet, in fact, much more prominence has been given during the past few weeks to plans for reconstruction, when the 'emergency' is over. Sir Evelyn Baring, the Governor, has made an important statement on planning for the future; and the same emphasis has appeared in the budget speech of Mr. Vasey, the Finance Member, and in a number of statements on the Kenya situation by the Colonial Secretary in the House of Commons.

There is good reason for this. Without question the tide of war is beginning to run steadily against the terrorist gangs, who are being harried and in increasing numbers driven out of the Aberdare forest. The atmosphere of terror is lifting from the 'White' Highlands and from the Kikuyu Reserve itself, as the network of police fortresses and fortified posts of the Kikuyu Home Guard make it increasingly difficult for the terrorists to operate there in organised groups. That is not to say that the end is in sight. The main struggle appears to be shifting from the Aberdares to the lower slopes of Mount Kenya, where reformed gangs may present a tough military problem; and even when the gangs have been finally broken up, surviving terrorists will, no doubt, succeed in slipping back into the Reserve in ones and twos, and it will take a long time for the Home Guard patrols to track them all down. And in and around Nairobi the Mau Mau organisation remains strong and defiant.

All the same, these Kikuyu Home Guard patrols, now working in close co-operation with the troops and the armed police, display an aggressive courage and a confidence of bearing that marks them as men who are sure that they are on the winning side. I saw that for myself. That is precisely why Kenya is about to enter the most critical phase of its history, and why so much is being said today about 'reconstruction'.

These Africans are fanatically anti-Mau Mau, for their own survival depends upon its destruction. Their families and near relations have been murdered and have suffered unspeakable atrocities, carried out by the Mau Mau in order to terrorise the whole Kikuyu tribe into obedience. These men, as I say, are fanatically hostile to Mau Mau; but that is not necessarily the same thing as being 'pro-British'. At present they look upon the Europeans as indispensable allies, and their active co-operation with the British administrators has rendered local government far more constructive and effective than it ever was in the pre-emergency days. Among them are appearing the future leaders of the Kikuyu.

Yet a very high proportion of these same Kikuyu Home Guard have, at one time or another, taken the Mau Mau oath. They, no less than their terrorist opponents, are aware of the grave economic plight of the tribe; nor are they impervious to the elemental fear (common to most Africans) of the incoming flood of westernisation, which seems to menace their identity, depriving them of hope in a alien world.

As the failure of the Mau Mau movement (as a terrorist insurrection) becomes progressively evident, the need to convince those who are fighting at our side that after victory there will be a 'new deal' becomes imperative. And if that is true of them, how much more so of the cynical neutrals—in Kikuyuland and far beyond its borders—who are sitting back and waiting for the outcome. The survival of European influence in East Africa—to look no further afield—primarily depends upon our success in convincing the Africans now that we have both the intention and the ability to enable them to win for themselves a reasonable and developing 'place in the sun'. Whether or not we achieve this will be determined during the coming critical months. And when I say 'we', I mean the Government and electorate of the United Kingdom and of Kenya, working together on an agreed plan.

What sort of 'plan'? Some of the more immediate steps to be taken have been indicated recently in official pronouncements. The most urgent problem arises from the pressure of numbers in the three districts of the Kikuyu Reserve. For many years the Kikuyu tribe has been increasing at a phenomenal rate; and, being good workmen and always ready for any profitable enterprise, large numbers of them left their original lands and spread out on to the European farms (as squatters), into forests, into other native reserves in many parts of Kenya, and even into northern Tanganyika. When the Mau Mau war began, many (though by no means all) of these migrants had for obvious security reasons to be evacuated. They have flooded back into the Kikuyu Reserve and into Embu and Meru, the districts occupied by two tribes closely allied to the Kikuyu. Many European farmers are willing to have their squatters back, in spite of what has happened; but it seems likely that the majority of these returned Kikuyu will remain, an added burden on land already heavily populated.

The immediate task, then, is agrarian reconstruction, in order to make it possible for these people to *eat*. It is not true (as I myself had imagined before I went out to East Africa) that all these areas are 'full'. In fact, the land is not supporting the greatest possible number of people. The central zone, comprising some of the richest soil in the whole of Kenya, is densely populated; but in the past much good land has been lost to cultivation through erosion. As a result of the more direct control and guidance which a reinforced Administration has been able to exercise during the emergency, this problem has been tackled by Kikuyu working-parties in a big way. Virtually all the slopes of the numerous ridges in the Nyeri District have now been bench-terraced—as in Switzerland and Italy; and a good deal of this terracing work has also been done in the Kiambu District further south.

Ability to Support More Population

This necessary process of preservation and reclamation, when combined with improved and intensified agricultural methods, can enable the land in this region to support a considerably greater weight of population than it does at present. Parallel with this is another project to clear the broad belt of upland bracken country which stretches to the Aberdare range, and to settle Kikuyu families there as dairy farmers. A successful development of this kind, together with its derivatives of additional transport, distribution agencies, and so forth, would provide an important new field of employment and at the same time play a very valuable part in raising the general nutritional level. But there are difficulties. Dairy farming is a highly specialised technique, and success will largely depend on the readiness of the Kikuyu settlers to adopt the advice and guidance of British experts.

On the other side of the fertile zone there is a considerable area of marginal land which can be brought into cultivation if large-scale initial capital expenditure is incurred and modern methods are used. As the Colonial Secretary mentioned in the House recently, encouraging progress in this type of development has already been achieved at Makueni, and the Kikuyu are beginning to appreciate the argument that efficient farming under modern conditions requires compact holdings instead of their traditional system of each man owning a number of small and scattered plots. The process of consolidation is beginning; but it will take time, for it cuts across tribal tradition, and is as revolutionary to them as were the sixteenth-century enclosures in England.

Furthermore, the consolidation of land-holdings will facilitate the production by Africans of profitable cash crops, such as coffee and sisal, a development which is being encouraged (somewhat belatedly) by the Government with financial and other assistance. Nor are the more intelligent of the Kikuyu failing to appreciate the point that when a consolidated holding has demonstrated its economic advantages, it does not make sense to re-fragment it again when the owner dies by dividing it up among his children. That will mean adopting the rule of primogeniture—an even more drastic break with tribal tradition. Again, the change will take time—and time in the Kenya of today is scarce. I remember a minor Kikuyu chief telling me, on enquiry, that he owned twelve and a half acres and had eight sons. When I asked him whether the eight sons would inherit equal shares of the twelve and a half acres, he replied: 'Of course; it is our custom'. I leave you to work out the simple arithmetic of the division—and its social and economic implications.

These and other projects for land reclamation and the promotion of greater productivity cannot provide a solution for the economic problems of 'Kikuyuland'; but in accumulation they can afford a very substantial easement of the pressure. Even so, the land in the Reserves cannot be expected to go on supporting an ever-increasing population. A very considerable development of secondary industries will be needed—and quickly—to provide the surplus labour with a livelihood.

These and similar projects are beset with problems. In the first place, the intended improvements (which will be very costly) must not be confined to the Kikuyu. If they were, it would appear to every African that rebellion paid and that the Kikuyu had drawn a dividend from the Mau Mau movement. The land of other tribes (notably the Wakhamba) is in great need of improvement. More, rather than less, should be done for them. In sum, therefore, agrarian reconstruction assumes formidable dimensions. Secondly, the introduction of industrialisation into a country of many races, representing many different cultural levels, can be highly explosive unless harmonious and wholesome race relations have been established beforehand. Thirdly, the comprehensive agrarian reconstruction which is contemplated requires a readiness on the part of the Africans concerned to cut adrift from traditional methods and customs and to trust themselves to European guidance in embarking upon an unknown sea of social and economic revolution. Yet such a readiness for change under guidance is directly counter to the Mau Mau attitude of mind, an attitude which is widespread (even among those who reject terrorism) and which represents an atavistic revulsion against the west and all that it stands for.

In short, economics is not enough. The Kenya Government has shown its awareness of that fact by making a start on the long task of rehabilitating the poisoned mind of the Kikuyu. At Athi River, near Nairobi, a scheme has been started, based on experience gained in Malaya, among Kikuyu who are suspected of terrorist activities but whose offences are regarded by the Government as being of a minor character. It is a pioneer scheme, still experimental and on a small scale; but it touches the core of the problem, which is spiritual and psychological. The Kikuyu 'detained persons' at Athi River live together with their instructors as a community, working together and learning to do practical tasks of common benefit, and living day by day in an atmosphere of applied Christianity.

That is fundamental and excellent, as far as it goes. But an ex-Mau Mau adherent, on leaving such centres as Athi River, must find hope and wholesome incentives outside, otherwise he will be vulnerable to further evil. That is why there must be community development on a large scale and why plans for agrarian reconstruction must be made known and initiated with the least possible delay. And since 'economics is not enough', such developments must—as Sir Evelyn Baring has indicated—be accompanied by a very substantial expansion of the social services: more schools, more hospitals and clinics. And on that, may I add this comment: that unless 'education' in government schools effectively inculcates moral principles and a sense of civic responsibility, we cannot reasonably expect the human product to be other than self-centred materialists, scorning primitive loyalties and standards and ignoring western ones.

As I talked with district commissioners and district officers in the Kikuyu Reserve, I could not fail to sense that their own morale was high. For a long time they have been disheartened by being lamentably thin on the ground; but now their numbers have been reinforced and in consequence closer administration is being effected. Quickening confidence in their ability to deal with the Mau Mau is being reflected in a new spirit of active co-operation among the Kikuyu men in local improvements. But again and again these British officials ended with the remark: 'If only we could get at the Kikuyu women'. As one travelled along the roads and tracks and saw their sullen, hostile looks, the point of the remark was evident. It is the women—particularly the middle-aged and elderly women—who cling to the old primitive ways in matters which affect health and decent living, who insist on the continuance of female circumcision, and who (in that attitude of mind) sympathise with the Mau Mau objectives and help the gangs as food carriers. Between them and the modern world there is a chasm of ignorance, prejudice, and fear.

Strain on Reserves

My impression is that when the majority of British settlers in Kenya contemplate the practical implications of a multi-racial society in which all Africans are afforded the rewards of good citizenship, they hesitate, fearing African domination. And yet most of them realise that their own political and economic survival depends upon the building of a society in the management of which Asians and Africans increasingly participate. In his budget speech on October 29, Mr. Vasey, the Kenya Finance Member, painted a grim picture. The revenue balances are draining away at the rate of £250,000 a month. 'We have not the reserves', he said, 'to stand this strain much longer'. Since then, he has been in London, seeking financial aid from the Home Government; and Mr. Lyttelton has given an assurance that help will be forthcoming, 'if need is proved'. Until the Kenya Government knows the nature and extent of the aid which will be forthcoming, it cannot possibly allocate resources between agrarian reconstruction, the very substantial increase in social services which is necessary, and the inescapable needs of security. Clearly it must not promise what it may not be able to afford to implement; and yet it is no less clear that the publication of a concrete and graduated programme of reform and development is urgent. So urgent, indeed, and with such far-reaching implications, that Sir Evelyn Baring has himself come to London for consultation.

There is also another aspect of the matter. In a leader in *The Times* on November 7, the point was made that 'if monetary aid is now to be given, the British Government are bound to satisfy themselves that policies are not going to be pursued which lead to a recrudescence of the trouble at a later date'. That is undeniable. But Treasury control over the expenditure of grants or loans from the British Exchequer would, no doubt, be feared and disliked by independent-minded Kenya settlers as involving a reduction to Crown Colony status. On the other hand, the British Government at home has an inescapable duty to make certain that the reconstruction programme is planned and executed on lines best calculated to promote harmony and well-being in Kenya as a whole. The old controversy of 'Colonial Office Control *versus* Settler Control' was always harmful, and is now obsolete. The truth is that the survival of British settlers (as an entity) in Kenya has become dependent upon the survival of Britain's influence in Africa.

Since it is not only the future of the three races in Kenya which is at stake, but the future course of race relations in the African Continent, and indeed throughout the Commonwealth, it is the duty of Britain to provide the leadership which is so desperately needed. It is for Britain, in co-operation with men of good will of all three races, to take the lead in laying the foundations of a genuine multi-racial nationhood in Kenya. That achievement would prove a turning point in the history of the Commonwealth.—*Third Programme*

The Task Before Nato

By LORD TWEEDSMUIR

YOU will remember reading, last September, of a gigantic military manoeuvre which was called Exercise Mariner. It involved as many as 300 ships, 1,000 planes, and 500,000 men. It ranged from the Arctic to the Azores, and from the coast of America to the Baltic. For such an enormous force to co-operate successfully, particularly on high seas, dark nights, and in adverse weather, is a considerable feat, as anyone who has ever been in the services will know. But it becomes far more remarkable when you realise that these forces were drawn from Belgium, Canada, Denmark, from France, Great Britain, the Netherlands, and from Norway, Portugal, and the U.S.A.: in other words, nine of the fourteen countries which make up the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation—Nato, for short. This gigantic manoeuvre is just one out of many examples which show how easily and unselfconsciously the officers and men of these countries of different language and such differing traditions can serve together in peace time for a common purpose. In achieving this, Nato is almost a latter-day miracle.

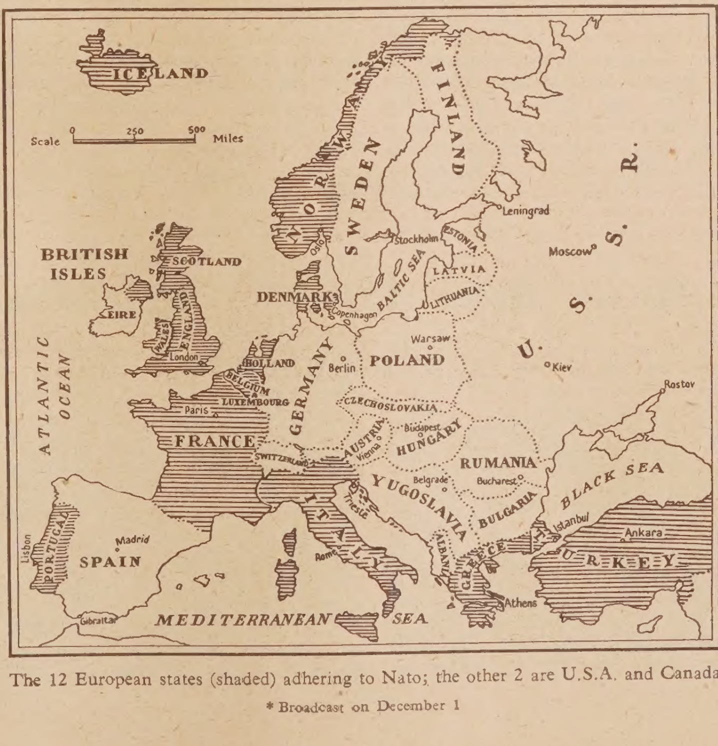
The Prime Minister has flown to Bermuda for the meeting of the leaders of the Big Three Powers. Lord Ismay, Secretary-General of Nato, has joined him there, in the capacity of an observer for Nato's fourteen associated powers. In a fortnight's time* comes Nato's annual review. It is a mixture of a stocktaking and an audit by the Ministers of the countries concerned. It will be directed to the annual report, which is an essay in balancing military requirements on one side and political and economic considerations on the other. This is Nato's eternal problem.

Nato involves a vast expenditure of money, the maintenance of hundreds of thousands of troops, some of them serving several thousand miles from their own homes. All this has one object: the prevention of a third world war. I believe that if Nato had existed at the time of the second world war, it would not have taken place. I have said that Nato is somewhere near a miracle. There was nothing of the kind in pre-war days. Only those few years ago, the outlook of the threatened nations was very different. Some thought that they were safe as neutrals, some were isolationist, and all were unprepared. The brutal impact of six years of white-hot war, and the twilight era of cold war that has followed, has shown that that is the path to destruction.

No reasonable being can subscribe to any solution save one for the preservation of peace. That one is bitterly simple to state, but mightily difficult to carry out. Experience has taught us that the only way to prevent nations, with the light of aggression in their eyes, from embarking on war is to make it clear to them that if we are attacked we will fight, and if we fight we shall win. But separate nation-states merely defending their own borders, in isolation from each other, would be completely ineffective. They must have the full sum total of their power welded into one unit.

Nato came into being as an answer to the potential threat of Soviet Russia since the war. Ten years ago, Russia had about 190,000,000 inhabitants. But the new Soviet empire of today, including as it does the satellite states of eastern Europe, has within its orbit some 800,000,000, compared with only half as many in the Nato countries. The Soviet empire disposes of very large forces which are being increased, particularly in the air. I am convinced that its policy has not changed one whit, that anyone can prove, since Stalin's death, and that it still aims at gaining the world. For in our time it is technically possible, as it never has been before in history, for one such nation to make itself master of the whole earth. The leaders of Soviet Russia have the great advantage of being able to order, to control, and to standardise throughout their empire, by edict. The free nations, because they are free, can achieve the necessary unity only by consultation and agreement at every step.

The task of Nato is, on the face of it, a strategist's nightmare. It is no less than the forging of a chain of countries strung over 4,000 miles, from the north coast of Norway to the eastern frontier of Turkey, strong enough to be able to resist, if need be, the most powerful military empire that the world has ever known. And Russia is that, no less. Nato's fourteen countries not only differ in language and tradition but are heirs to age-old national feuds. They have governments who are for the most part in power by a tiny majority, or who rule by the compromise of a coalition. Their economies are, by all traditional methods,



The 12 European states (shaded) adhering to Nato; the other 2 are U.S.A. and Canada

uncombinable, and the three largest members, the U.S.A., Britain, and France, have vast world-wide commitments in addition, which necessarily distract much of their resources. But if these are influences that would keep them apart, there is a far stronger force to keep them together, and that is their own vested interest in survival.

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* Broadcast on December 1

Soviet propaganda is never tired of describing Nato as an aggressive bloc. It is hardly necessary to say that it is nothing of the sort. But its role is the more difficult because it is purely defensive. And because you cannot consider the provision of forces without considering the economies of the countries that produce them, it is necessary to have a minimum number of active troops, backed by a sufficient air force, who can hold the line long enough, in the case of attack, for the big reserve forces to mobilise. It is beyond the bounds of possibility for us to match the Russians division for division. If we tried to do so we would lose the cold war in our haste to solve the problems of a possible hot one.

The way Nato works is remarkably simple for so huge an organisation. The governments of the member countries are, of course, the sovereign power. They hold periodic meetings to lay down the broad lines of policy and how the burden is to be shared. But they are also represented the year round on the Atlantic Council, which sits in permanent session in Paris and considers all matters of detail. The Council's decisions have to be unanimous to be valid. Each country, whether tiny or large, has the same voice in its deliberations, for Nato, we must remember, is an alliance of independent countries which have not surrendered any of their sovereign rights. The Atlantic Council is the forum of consultation, of negotiation, and the hammering out of agreement. Under it is the military committee, and then the three commands in Europe, the Atlantic, and the Channel. The Allied Command in Europe has headquarters near Paris. The Atlantic Command has headquarters at Norfolk, Virginia. Last of all, the Channel Commands, one sea, one air, have their headquarters in Britain. The European Command is broken down further to Northern Command at Oslo, Central Command at Fontainebleau, Southern Command, which takes in Italy, Turkey, and Greece, at Naples, and Mediterranean Command based on Malta. Thus we have an army of armies, for each sovereign government does not merge its troops into a uniform Nato force, but places them at Nato's disposal. Each country, according to size and capabilities, makes its contribution of men and resources.

Have we, then, reached absolute security? The answer is that we have not. We are admittedly better off than we were. To take one example, Nato airfields have been increased in three years from twenty to 125—a remarkable feat. General Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, has said that we are two or three times as strong as when General Eisenhower took matters in hand in 1951. But the Soviet empire is still a long way ahead. Last August, General Gruenther gave certain figures of its known strength. According to these figures, the Soviet empire had 20,000 operational aircraft, a large proportion of which were jets. There were also 175 Soviet divisions and approximately 70 satellite divisions. In comparison Nato could dispose of only 4,000 aircraft and rather more than 40 divisions. The Russians also have a submarine fleet of more than 300. Speaking on June 30, General Gruenther put the position very clearly, when he said: 'If the enemy plays his cards to perfection his forces could still be irresistible; but our progress is such that the hour will soon come when, with the use of sufficient effectiveness, air strength, covering forces, and adequate reserves, his attack will be doomed to failure'.

That raises the question: 'When we have reached this pitch of strength, how long do we have to maintain it?' The answer is probably, 'All our lifetime'. It is the insurance policy that we pay, and probably the generations after us will pay, for peace.

Nato's biggest difficulties lie ahead. If a few years pass without a Soviet attack, some may question whether Russia ever will attack. The danger of war will inevitably recede as we grow stronger, but it will remain in the background only as long as we remain strong. Nato came into being in days when our peril was grimly obvious. And danger is the greatest single force in uniting men and nations. Nato's strength still, to a great extent, is drawn from the impetus of its beginning. But such an impetus must inevitably spend its force and, if we are faced with economic recessions, sunshine speeches from the Kremlin, or signs of unrest among the satellites, the strain will come. It comes, too, from other sources. For the price of peace is a heavy burden to carry, and one thing that all burdens have in common is that the further you carry them the heavier they feel. It makes those people sound all the more persuasive who suggest that perhaps we do not have to carry them any more, or that we could tip out half of what we have in the sack and make it easier to carry. But there is one thing even more costly than maintaining a mighty defensive union of nations at an even pitch of strength, and that is to let your defences decline during the blinks of sunshine, only to have to drop everything else to try desperately to restore them when the clouds gather.

The future of Nato lies in the will to preserve it among the peoples of its countries. It cannot survive indefinitely as a purely military union. For a purely military alliance is by itself too brittle a thing to last. It comes about only in moments of dire danger, and when that danger seems to be over it has not much staying power. Lester Pearson of Canada said at the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty: 'Threats to peace may bring our union into being; its contribution to welfare and progress will determine how long it is to survive'.

It is in the sphere of economics and politics that we must look to see Nato expand, as well as in the military sphere. It is a thorny problem in view of the economic relationships of a number of the Nato powers to the U.S.A. and of our own firm commitments and our understandings with the countries of the British Empire and Commonwealth. Our two allegiances must never clash. There is no reason why they ever should. For both Nato and the British Commonwealth are strengthened by the strength of the other.

On the political side it is too much to expect the ordinary citizen to dedicate his firm support to Nato if he has never had an opportunity of getting to know what Nato is and what it can achieve. A bridge between Nato and public opinion is very badly needed. There is growing support for the creation of a Nato assembly, composed of parliamentarians of each of the countries concerned, meeting to debate the annual report of the Atlantic Council. There are other ways which could be suggested. And the need at this moment is very real. When Nato can spread its activity into the social and creative life of its members, then the promise of a true and lasting Atlantic community will be within reach of becoming a reality.—*Home Service*

Canada and Her Neighbour

By J. B. McGEACHY

IT is really true, and not merely an after-dinner *cliché,* that the United States and Canada are friendly neighbours who, as a general rule, understand one another. Nevertheless, their relationship is not all sweetness and light all the time. The good neighbours are by no means identical, as any perceptive traveller soon discovers, in their political ways and attitudes. At the moment, they diverge sharply on the right way to cope with what is known as the communist menace—a phrase much more current south of the line than north of it. This difference of opinion has produced a lively controversy in recent days, centring on the mysterious figure of Igor Gouzenko, a name which I believe has made headlines round the world since Mr. Gouzenko re-emerged from his obscurity last month. Over Mr. Gouzenko, the good neighbours have come as close to being angry with one another as they have been in many years. Of course, the incident will end amicably, but it has stirred strong feelings.

But before we consider the affair Gouzenko, there is a happier event to report. This was the visit of President and Mrs. Eisenhower to the Canadian capital, where they had a warm welcome. The principal event of their journey, at least as far as the public learned, was the President's address to the two Houses of our Federal Parliament. It was a speech largely devoted to the common heritage, interests, and aims of Canada and the United States. Oratory along this line is unavoidable on such occasions, and it does no harm, even though, as Mr. Eisenhower observed, the theme is a little threadbare. The meat of his remarks was in three paragraphs, referring to defence, the St. Lawrence waterway, and trade. Canada was pleased by what Mr. Eisenhower had to say on these points, but it would be an exaggeration to say that he set the heather on fire. The least controversial of his three policy statements was on defence. This is what he said:

> You of Canada, and we of the United States, can and will devise ways to protect our North America from any surprise attack by air, and we shall achieve the defence of our continent without whittling our pledges to western Europe, or forgetting our friends in the Pacific.

There is no argument about that. Canada agreed, and is now co-operating with the United States in setting up a radar screen across the Arctic frontier of North America and building up air strength. The point of particular interest in this Eisenhower declaration was his proviso that there should be no withdrawal from commitments abroad. The President's words about trade and about the St. Lawrence left more room for argument. He announced the appointment of a joint cabinet committee, consisting of American and Canadian Ministers, to study ways of expanding trade. And he spoke of joint development of the St. Lawrence Great Lakes Waterway as 'inevitable, sure, and certain', a hopeful way of putting it in present circumstances.

A Welcome Innovation

As far as Canada is concerned, the new economic committee is a welcome innovation. But the question arises whether it can get anything done. As matters stand, Canada has a very large adverse balance of trade with the Americans. Americans sell Canada far more than they buy from her; it would be in Canada's interest, and Canadians do not think it would hurt the rich and powerful United States, if the score were evened. But how is this to be managed? Mr. Eisenhower himself, we have no doubt, is sincerely in favour of making the American market accessible not only to Canadian exporters but to Europeans as well. The President, unfortunately, has not the authority over tariffs and trade laws that a Prime Minister and his Cabinet have under the parliamentary system. A President can only advise on this subject, and Congress, which makes the laws, need not pay any attention to his advice. In fact, as recent experience has shown once again, Congress may ignore and defy explicit trade treaties to which the Washington Government is pledged. The latest example in Canada's experience was the imposing of restrictions on the sale of Canadian dairy products in the United States, in contravention of the bargain known as G.A.T.T.—the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs.

Canadians are mildly hopeful that something may come of the deliberations of the cabinet committee, but most of us feel that there can be no great change in American commercial policy until Congress, as well as the White House, is persuaded that the world's chief creditor nation, almost its only creditor nation, should in common sense turn to free trade, as Britain turned to it a hundred years ago. There is no sign yet of any mass conversion to this view in congressional circles. As for the St. Lawrence seaway, with all respect to Mr. Eisenhower, it does not look inevitable, or even likely, that this will be a joint Canadian-American enterprise. Mr. Herbert Hoover was a staunch advocate of the scheme; so was Mr. Roosevelt; so was Mr. Truman. Now Mr. Eisenhower believes in the seaway, too. Unfortunately the American Senate, which has the power to ratify or reject any treaty, has never done anything about the St. Lawrence project except to turn it down with monotonous regularity. And, as on the tariff question, there is no evidence of a change of heart in the Washington legislators.

Maybe I should explain that by far the greater part of the St. Lawrence Great Lakes system is already navigable; there are canals between the lakes where needed; the lower reaches of the river have been dredged and deepened. All that remains to be done is to provide a ship channel along the short 100-mile stretch of the St. Lawrence that happens to be an international boundary, separating the province of Ontario from New York State. I call this a short stretch, because the total length of the river, depending on how far out into its estuary you measure, is 1,300 to 1,500 miles. The ideal arrangement would be Canadian-American co-operation in canalising the part of the stream that is, after all, common property. That is what Canadians have hoped for. But they are losing patience after waiting for a generation or longer. Canada may have to build that canal alone—a feasible plan, which would give this country the exclusive right to fix the toll charges. Meanwhile, Ontario and New York are authorised to proceed jointly with hydro-electrical installations, on the international section of the river. This can be done separately, that is to say without digging the canal. The Province and State will share the electricity half-and-half; they both need it urgently to supply power to new industries. In fact, from their point of view, the St. Lawrence kilowatts are as important as its future usefulness for sea-going, even though the inland city of Toronto, where I live, dreams with longing of the day when it will be possible, on the shores of Lake Ontario, to board a liner for Liverpool.

Now to come to the story of Mr. Gouzenko. Igor Gouzenko, who is now about thirty-five years old, was a cipher clerk in the Russian Embassy at Ottawa when the war ended: he decoded messages. One day in 1945, with an *attaché* case stuffed with documents, he left the Embassy, never to return. He had knowledge of a Soviet spy ring operating in Canada, and he offered this information to the Canadian authorities. As a result of his disclosures, there was an enquiry by a Royal Commission, followed by prosecutions, which sent a number of people to prison for espionage. By giving this service to Canada, Mr. Gouzenko took serious risks. He urgently needed sanctuary in Canada. He was given sanctuary, at once accorded the status of a British subject, by cabinet order, provided with funds, and helped to establish a new identity, under an assumed name, in a community where he has unknown. He was also given police protection for as long as he wanted it, and to this day he is constantly attended, unless he wishes to be on his own, by a guard of the Canadian Mounted Police.

Mr. Gouzenko and his family have succeeded, by all accounts, in making a new life for themselves under their pseudonym. Nevertheless, Mr. Gouzenko, as Mr. Gouzenko, did not drop out of sight, and it is relevant to the story that he profited handsomely, about six years ago, from a book relating his experiences, and from the film rights to this work. Canadian newspapers have suggested that his attitude to the recent controversy was not unconnected with a desire on his part to repeat this success by a return to the limelight, or rather the dim half-light which serves to hide rather than illuminate his public appearances.

To switch our attention to Washington: a Senate committee there, under the chairmanship of Senator Jenner, a friend and lieutenant of Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin, is conducting an enquiry into what are called un-American activities. This committee, through Secretary John Foster Dulles, recently asked for an opportunity to interview Mr. Gouzenko. The reply from Ottawa was that Mr. Gouzenko had no new information, which seems highly probable on the face of it, considering the seclusion of his life since 1945: and that, in any case, he was in constant touch with Canadian officials, and whatever he had to say was at once communicated to the proper authority at Washington, meaning the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Not content with this answer, the Jenner Committee, again through Mr. Dulles, repeated its request. It was then explained that Mr. Gouzenko is not a captive, but a Canadian citizen, free to go where he pleases. If he wishes to go to Washington he is entitled to a passport, but obviously he would forfeit Canadian police protection if he took that step. As Mr. Gouzenko does not wish to go to the United States at that cost, the Canadian Government said it was willing that an American representative should talk with him in Ottawa provided that the questioning should be under Canadian rules, and Canada should have a veto on the publication of any information elicited. Senator Jenner objected to these limitations, but Mr. Dulles, conceding that the Canadian position is correct, has declined to press the issue further.

Pushing McCarthyism North of the Border?

The root of the matter, from the Canadian point of view, is that Canada does not like McCarthyism—meaning the kind of spy-hunt or witch-hunt which allows a legislator, speaking with the privilege of immunity from libel actions, to ruin and condemn a man by a casual word. Canada prefers to deal with espionage, and has done so, by judicial process before a judge and jury. Majority Canadian opinion as I judge it, but not unanimous opinion, is that the approach of the Jenner Committee was an attempt to push McCarthyism north of the border, an unwelcome importation. It was thought also that the Jenner Committee's anxiety to see Gouzenko might arise from either or both of these motives, a desire to bring a new sensation into an enquiry which is running short of sensations, and to pry out of Gouzenko information which the F.B.I. possesses, but is unwilling to impart to Senator Jenner.

Public opinion in Canada, as I size it up, was that Canada had no obligation either to supply the McCarthyites with fresh ammunition, or to circumvent the F.B.I. There the matter stands. I think Canada has won the argument. It is not an argument which could seriously impair Canadian-American friendship, but certainly it has brought to notice a rather fundamental disagreement on how to reconcile security with justice.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Say It with Flowers

BY the time these lines are in print it may be snowing. But, whatever happens now, we shall for some time recall the incredibly warm weather we have enjoyed at the beginning of the winter of 1953-1954 and profit at least from the better of its consequences. The versatile Mr. Stephen Bone, in a recent talk in 'Woman's Hour' (an extract from which is published on the opposite page), reminds us of changes in fashions for flowers. Our Victorian ancestors apparently buried their dinner tables beneath enormous banks of blooms, although the art of table decoration goes back less than a hundred years. All of us—rich and poor alike—delight to fill our living-rooms with flowers, though tastes may vary, and this year thanks to the unusual weather we shall be able to indulge in an orgy of flower decoration at Christmas. The newspapers tell us that owing to the mild weather flowers have rarely been so cheap at this time of year. Daffodils are promised from the Scillies and even early tulips will soon be on the way. As for chrysanthemums, the great stand-by in this season, they are almost a drug on the market. So we need not bother, as a recent authority advises us, to fill our vases with brambles or (later) rhubarb flowers, but can stick, economically, to orthodoxy.

Flowers, after all, confer a double blessing. To town dwellers whose hearts lie in the countryside they give a breath of rural air; and if one is fortunate enough to own a small garden in a town, a reduction of the gap between the time when the chrysanthemums die and the snowdrops appear also makes winter seem shorter. Instead of crouching over the fire reading the gaily illustrated catalogues of the seedsmen, the enthusiastic gardener could lately actually go into his garden and look at strawberry fruits, late roses, a pink or two, and other oddities that nature had produced for him. And those who do not possess gardens can do at least some bargain shopping in the flower shops and, whether they bank up their dinner tables or just cover their window-sills, convey the illusion that this is not winter, but spring.

For the beginning of winter is inevitably a trying time for most grown-ups. Once Christmas is over, the quarter's bills are not far behind. Children dancing merrily at one moment are liable to collapse with measles at the next. Traffic becomes congested, tempers are frayed, work piles up, rheumatism and chilblains give their first twinges, Generals January and February lie in wait round the corner, politics become acrimonious, and one cannot remember exactly what is happening at Panmunjom. However, we approach the season of goodwill, and soon we must try to declare a truce to our troubles. At the first Christmas of the war of 1914 the soldiers of both sides went into no-man's-land and entertained each other in a lavish way, even exchanging elaborate presents. This was afterwards frowned upon by the authorities. But surely there is no reason why, in time of peace, we should not—at any rate temporarily—forgive our enemies. And as for our friends, we can this year seize the opportunity provided by the bounty of nature to 'say it with flowers'.

What They Are Saying

The proposed four-power meeting

THE BERMUDA CONFERENCE and the proposed four-power conference were the main topics for comment last week. Moscow broadcasts were at pains to emphasise that the Soviet Note suggesting a four-power conference in Berlin in no way represented a change of policy, since the Soviet Union had all along been in favour of such a conference. It was the west, said one Moscow broadcast after another, that had deliberately misrepresented the attitude of the Soviet Union, which had always maintained that there existed no disputed question which could not be solved by peaceful negotiation. The new Soviet Note had 'dissipated all the (western) fog of lies and slander'. In support of their contention that it was the west who had 'distorted the true position', Moscow and satellite broadcasts once again made much use of the allegations in *The New Statesman* that the British press had not given the full facts in earlier Soviet Notes and that western politicians had deliberately sought to convince their peoples that the Soviet Union did not wish to negotiate. Mr. Bevan's remarks along these lines were also quoted, as well as what Moscow radio called his 'loudly acclaimed' reference to the Soviet view that no conference seeking to end tension would have any chance 'if the Chinese Government does not participate'.

On December 5, Moscow radio quoted *Pravda* as strongly criticising the suggestion that once the E.D.C. had been formed, the west might offer the Soviet Union a non-aggression pact. Such a pact, it said, would amount to no more than 'another scrap of paper'. Many other Soviet broadcasts contrasted the 'dejection' caused in the U.S.A. by the Soviet Note with the welcome given to it in Britain and particularly in France, where it had aroused hope that 'the revival of the German military threat can be avoided'. Moscow broadcasts to both France and Britain continued to stress the danger to the peoples of those countries of west German remilitarisation. British listeners were told that London was 'uneasily watching the strengthening of the Bonn-Washington axis'. French listeners were assured that it was not true that Russia, in opposing E.D.C., wanted to leave western Europe defenceless and thereby undermine French security. On the contrary, it was the 'Bonn *revanchistes*' who claimed living space:

> They want Alsace-Lorraine, Normandy, Flanders, and Provence. It is therefore easy to see that in fighting against the European army, the Soviet Union does not only defend its own security, but also that of all European peoples, including France.

Broadcasts from east Germany declared that at the 'separate' conference at Bermuda, the three Western Powers were resolved to agree on ways and means of making a successful four-power conference 'very difficult, if not impossible'. Since the west intended at Bermuda to substitute west German rearmament for the peace treaty advocated by the U.S.S.R.—

> decisions against Germany taken somewhere in the West Indies could never be binding on the German people. . . . We hope that the four-power conference will set aside the disastrous decisions on Germany taken at separate conferences.

From the U.S.A., the *Baltimore Sun*, in an article referring to the growing emphasis in Soviet propaganda on allied differences, was quoted as commenting:

> The fact seems to be that London, Paris, and Washington are in agreement in seeing the Soviet Note as a slight tactical Russian alteration, and that only. London and Paris exhibit a bit more hope than does Washington that the Russians may now be willing to sit down in a general conference to discuss some of the world's problems. The difference is hardly so great as to cause much argument at Bermuda. Moscow exaggerates this difference, as it exaggerates all differences among the western nations, because the grand Kremlin strategy is to divide the west. If a note of growing urgency has begun to creep into the Russian efforts at division, it is because the efforts so far have failed.

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* was quoted for the following comment:

> A settlement of any of the differences between the communists and the rest of the world would be a gain for peace, so long as agreement is not reached at the expense of principles. . . . We cannot afford to lower our guard against the communist powers. But we can have enough faith in ourselves and our determination to stand by our principles to face the Russians across the conference table in an effort to reach agreements which would contribute something, however little, to the prospects of durable peace.

Did You Hear That?

HOW TO ARRANGE FLOWERS

'THE TIME IS well within my own recollection', wrote that famous gardener Miss Gertrude Jekyll in 1908, 'when we began to think of decorating the dining table with flowers'. She goes on to explain that, when she was young (in the eighteen-sixties) cut flowers were not used to decorate rooms. 'As far as I have been able to find out', observed STEPHEN BONE in 'Woman's Hour', 'this surprising statement is, in the main, perfectly correct. Not only were vases of cut flowers unknown on the dining table, they were unknown in churches, one did not put flowers or wreaths on graves. One authority, the late Sir William Lawrence, wrote plainly, "the use of cut flowers standing in water for internal decoration does not go back further than the mid-nineteenth century". Before that time people had used flowers as decoration. But they strung them into garlands or scattered them on the floors. What is only about 100 years old is the idea of putting cut flowers in water and standing them on the mantelpiece or on the dinner table.

'In the eighteen-sixties a sort of floral orgy began. The dining tables of the rich were buried under enormous banks of flowers. Roses, lilies, sweet peas, carnations, and chrysanthemums were the favourites—and orchids. Florists became important and wealthy people. The new fast railways and ships enabled Cornwall and the Channel Islands to establish a new and profitable trade. Each season the leaders of society and the florists would introduce a new fashion, but generally the idea was to make all the expensive hot-house flowers look as though they grew naturally out of the white linen table cloth; the plain glass bowls and the green tin trays which formed the basis for these great displays were always hidden under leaves or moss.

'Suddenly, in the eighteen-nineties, a totally new fashion arose. It began with a lecture by a Mr. Josiah Conder about Japanese flower arrangement. This coincided with a new fashion for simplicity in all forms of decoration. Japanese flower arrangement is a complicated, subtle oriental art which only Mr. Conder really understood, but one or two of its principles were obvious enough—one used only one kind of flower at a time, one used very few of them, one stuck the stalks frankly into simple but beautiful pots, one used ordinary garden flowers—even wild flowers.

'At first this new fashion for simplicity could be dismissed by society as a mere craze of long-haired artist chaps, but when the Princess of Wales used autumn leaves to decorate Marlborough House it was obvious that times had changed. The florists fought gamely in defence of the massed roses and carnations, but smart people began to think all this sort of thing had become a little old-fashioned.

'And so we come to 1907 when Miss Gertrude Jekyll published her book *Flower Decoration in the House* which started me off on all this. What did she advise? Almost exactly what is advised in the latest books on the subject—in the past forty-five years the fashion has not changed except in details. Miss Jekyll advised big mixed bunches stuck frankly into jars and pots and jugs. The bunches might include traveller's joy and brambles and autumn leaves and berries as well as garden flowers. A recent book on flower arrangement suggests much the same, the only real difference seems to be the inclusion of some rather eccentric pots and vases and the way the modern author sometimes alters the appearance of the flowers by stripping off the leaves or using only part of them. Perhaps old Miss Jekyll would have been a little doubtful about an enormous rhubarb flower illustrated in the new book, but perhaps not, for she was an open-minded and independent lady'.

LOVE AMONG THE ELEPHANT SEALS

Speaking of his experiences on Heard Island, PETER LANCASTER BROWN said in a Home Service talk: 'The island is about 4,000 miles south-west of Australia, among the storm-swept wastes of the Southern Ocean. It was discovered in 1853 by a certain Captain Heard, an American in search of new profitable sealing grounds. It is only twenty-seven miles long and twelve miles wide, and has an active volcano. The cone rises 9,000 feet sheer from the sea, and is guarded on all sides by ice cliffs, which are continuously swept by avalanches from above. Except for the active crater and a few low-lying sand plains, the island is covered by a permanent ice sheet 300 feet thick.

'During the spring, thousands of elephant seals visit the island's beaches to breed. About eighty years ago, this seal became almost extinct on the Antarctic islands because British and American sealers killed them in great numbers for oil. Luckily the sealers soon left because of the Heard Island climate, and the elephant seals survived, and have rapidly multiplied, so that one day they may once again become a commercial proposition.

A fully grown bull elephant seal—twenty feet in length and weighing about three tons—guarding his harem

P. Lancaster Brown

'The male elephant seal is an ugly creature. The bull has a peculiar trunk-like face and he grows to a length of twenty feet, and weighs about three tons. The cow is much smaller and grows only to a length of ten or eleven feet.

'In September, which is the southern spring, the bulls are the first to get ashore. They line the beaches and await the arrival of the cows. Unless a male is fully grown, he does not stand much chance of obtaining a wife; it may be fifteen years before he is strong enough to assert his claims as a beach master. The older bull is very greedy and his sole idea is to collect a harem about him. When the cows come ashore to pup, they are quickly herded into groups by the waiting bulls, who fill their trunk-like noses with air and bellow a keep-off warning to any immature upstart lying near.

'Meanwhile the cows do not seem to mind being rushed and bustled about; they are too busy thinking of their future youngsters. But often they seem to have a particular preference for a certain bull; whether it is because of a better "Barrymore profile" is hard to judge; to us they all looked alike.

'When she is comfortably settled in a harem, the cow gives birth to a single pup, and the process of weaning begins. The youngster's weight is about eighty pounds at birth, which increases at an amazing rate, so that at six weeks he has more than doubled his birth-weight. The cow's milk is small in quantity but it is extremely rich. Some pups find difficulty in feeding and quickly weaken, and are snapped up by the Giant Petrels which patrol the sky above the harems. Sometimes, too, the pups are squashed to death by their careless mother, or by the harem bull who simply steam-rollers his way across the harem.

'At six weeks old, the pups leave their mothers and gather together in groups. At this stage they are called "porkies", and all day long they flop about the beaches, learning how to use their muscles, living off their thick, rich layer of blubber. When they are ten weeks old, they frolic about the shallow water, cautiously feeling their way until they become proficient swimmers.

'The cows soon forget their offspring and now become interested in the attention of the bulls. Fights between the harem masters are continually raging. Harems of a hundred or more cows are won and lost within the hour. All day long the immature bulls lie waiting in the shallows, ready to steal a cow when the owner's attention is diverted. You can recognise the older bulls by the mass of combat scars which surround their necks. When fighting, they rear up to face each other, bellowing hard through their trunk-like noses; as the opportunity occurs, they "slip" each other's guard, slashing and tearing at the neck with their fearsome tusks, until one animal admits defeat and scurries to the safety of the sea'.

A DYING VILLAGE

'Middleton lies between old Hartlepool and its rather adolescent daughter, West Hartlepool; overshadowed by colossal cranes and gigantic gantries, squeezed between the docks and shipyards and engineering works', said **Guy Phillips** in 'The Northcountryman'. 'You reach it over dock gates and swing bridges and level crossings, alongside timber-ships and fleet-in-pickle warships, and you emerge into two and a half streets, a disused harbour, three beaches, and piers galore. Many of the houses are empty, many have been pulled down. When somebody moves out or dies, the house is usually closed and doomed. For the Hartlepool town - planning scheme sets Middleton aside for industry.

In 'The Eye-Witness', Ken Davy of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation spoke about the exhibition in Montreal of sculpture by famous Eskimo artists. This photograph shows examples of the work of Oshawatuk, a gifted sculptor of Baffin Island

'The doors of the houses that are still occupied have gleaming brass name-plates and knockers, and their steps are whitened. In one half-street there is such a door, the brass still gleaming and the step still white, but behind them is nothing—the rest of the house has already been pulled down. The people are offered spanking new houses with a big garden. "What would I do with that?" asks young John Maiden. "I'd be digging and weeding all my spare time". For John's delight is to get out an old thirty-foot boat with a red lug-sail that makes it look near enough like a felucca; or to go down among the harbour rocks and hunt for dogger-crabs and snakeworms for bait. The sea is John Maiden's garden.

'His wife? "Ah well", says John, "of course she likes the idea of a nice new kitchen—and anyhow she doesn't belong to Middleton, she comes from West Hartlepool". From his tone, it could be miles away instead of 200 yards over the dock gates. John's father, David, looks back to the time when the old harbour was full of high-masted schooners and every man in Middleton had his hands full dealing with them; or to the other times when ships were few and far between, and when news of a Hartlepool-bound ship at Whitby would cause the men of Middleton to clap all sail on their little boats in a race to Whitby to get the job.

'There is a deep pride of Middleton. "We had flush toilets before either of the Hartlepools", says David. And in the same breath, "We had carnivals and regattas long before they thought of them. Not fancy yachts like you get in the bay now, but foyboats and cobles and the trimmers' race. That was a lark—the coal-trimmers used shovels for oars. And there'd be one man with a long beard in a big barrel, and whenever he stuck his shovel in he whizzed round and round. A sort of Davy Jones, he was. Ay, Middleton was a grand place them days".

'Now, you sit in a foyboatman's house and watch him making crab-pots, and in the autumn evening it is as quiet as—as Embleton. Nothing to be heard but the faint hiss of the gas-lamp over the fireplace. Not a sound even from the docks so near at hand. But sentence has been passed on Middleton. It has been confirmed by the Ministry, and it came into force on November 17. From now on, the people will be moved out as fast as roofs go on in the new estate. It will be slow, but sure. And then Middleton will be no more'.

'A BLOCKHOUSE FOR BLOCKHEADS'

Douglas Stuart, B.B.C. correspondent in western Germany, described in a talk in 'The Eye-Witness' the new building in Bonn which houses the British High Commission and will become the British Embassy when the Federal Republic becomes a sovereign state. The cost of the building was £160,000.

'It is a three-storey, L-shaped building', he said, 'made of brick and concrete. On the outside, it is painted a pale egg-shell blue. Inside there are eighty-five offices designed to accommodate 170 officials. The interiors of these offices are painted in soft shades, intended to cut down glare from the infrequent bursts of sunshine, which occasionally dispel the clouds of a Rhineland summer. The rigours of winter are mitigated by central heating.

'For those who are unwilling to climb the stairs of Jura and Dolomite stone, there is an automatic lift; and for visitors who arrive early for an appointment, there is a waiting room, discreetly furnished and supplied with English newspapers and periodicals. All the offices are lighted by fluorescent tubes, which are switched on and off by pulling a length of string suspended from the ceiling. The High Commissioner alone has been permitted a normal switch for the lights in his office. One official remarked to me that he feared that perhaps, one day, an overworked civil servant might be found hanging from a light cord.

'The most peculiar fact about the new Embassy, however, is that it appears to have been sited incorrectly owing to a misunderstanding about the rule of the road in continental Europe. Traffic in Germany, unlike traffic in Britain, keeps to the right. The Embassy, however, is on the left as one leaves Bonn. To enter it, therefore, cars must make a U-turn, and approach as it were from the rear. This means that visitors are denied a good look at the Royal Coat of Arms, which are suspended from a panel to the right of the glass and mahogany doors of the main entrance.

'All in all, the Embassy, which was designed by the Ministry of Works, has been the subject of many witticisms. Disgruntled diplomats have referred to it as "a blockhouse for blockheads". On another occasion it was compared to the new Bodleian Library in Oxford: "Sing Sing above, and Selfridges below". But in fact the Embassy performs the task for which it was designed. It provides well-lighted, well-heated office space, for a large number of hard working people'.

NOT TOP IN ENGLISH?

'How do you think you can have a Mag,
Without an atom of sweat or fag?
D'you think the pages write themselves?
Or perhaps you really believe in elves?'

'That verse', said **Wayne Mineau** in a Home Service broadcast, 'was written and published not so long ago by the editor of a school magazine—a fourteen-year-old. It's deceptively simple—structurally simple, of course, but essentially cynical in concept. To me the somewhat harassed atmosphere of its four anguished lines suggests the brittle maturity of journalism rather than that jolly, hobby-like literary brightness of the boy or girl who comes top in English'.

The Reith Lectures

Atom and Void in the Third Millennium*

By J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

IN exploring the atomic world, we have travelled to a new country, strange for those who have lived in the familiar world of Newtonian physics, strange even to Newton's own view of wonder and pre-vision. 'God, in the beginning', he wrote, 'created such a certain number of Atoms . . .'.

We have our atoms; we are trying to understand them. We have the simplest of the atoms, hydrogen, with a single proton for its nucleus and a single electron to make it up. But the ingredients do not follow Newton's laws of motion. Atoms of hydrogen appear to be all alike; they have a fixed size; they are stable and not transitory; the light that they emit is not what an electron circling in ever smaller ellipses would radiate. They have a stability that does not derive from Newtonian mechanics. When they are disturbed by light or electrons or other matter, they take up energy in definite quanta characteristic for the atom. They are described in terms of states, states that are not orbits, though they have some of the properties of some special orbits. The states are stable, or almost stable. Transition between them, occasioned by disturbance, or occurring spontaneously with the emission of light, occurs by chance. We do not know the cause of the individual transition but only, at best, their probable distribution in time; nor do we have, in terms of space and time and trajectory, any picture whatever of what these transitions may be. These acausal atoms compose the familiar world of large bodies, orbits, and Newton's laws. The laws that describe atomic behaviour, the stationary states and transitions, reduce by correspondence, when applied to large systems, to Newton's laws.

The discovery of these laws by Heisenberg could itself have led to all we now know of quantum theory, but it was supplemented as a matter of history by new discoveries in related fields which make the task of understanding and exposition simpler and more direct. Yet even these are both unfamiliar and abstract; I fear that no exposition can be wholly without difficulty.

Duality of Wave and Particle

Our problem has to do with the so-called duality of wave and particle. On the one hand we have light, described in detail as a continuous electromagnetic wave with electric and magnetic fields, changing with a frequency that determines the light's colour, and with an amplitude that determines its intensity. The waves of light differ from radio waves only in one respect: their wave length is much shorter. They differ obviously from the waves we see on water, which are the more or less regular displacement of matter. But when we talk here of waves, in this account of wave-particle duality, as we shall have to, it will mean something quite abstract, something common to light and radio and water waves.

It will mean a state of affairs distributed in space and propagating with time, sometimes a harmonic like a pure note of sound and sometimes irregular like noise. It will mean that these disturbances in general add, so that two crests reinforce, and a crest and a trough tend to cancel. It will mean that the sum of two effects may not be greater than either, but smaller, as the phases of crest and trough indicate. It will mean that, if we leave more than one alternative for a particle or for light to go from one place to another, the chance of arriving may be greater than the sum of the chances or smaller than the sum of the chances, because of this interference of the waves that represent the alternatives.

When we deal with light, we deal with such waves; but we also deal, as Einstein discovered, with something sharp, discreet, and discontinuous—the light quantum. Whenever light acts on matter, or is produced by it, we find packets of defined energy and impulse, related to their frequency and their wave number by the universal proportionality of the quantum of action. How were these quanta to be thought of? Were they guided by the waves? Were they the waves? Were the waves an illusion, after all?

This turned out to be a universal quandary. De Broglie suggested and later Davison found that there were waves associated with electrons. Specifically Davison's experiment showed that electrons, too, when they are scattered by the regular disturbance of a natural crystal, exhibit the same signs of interference, the same unmistakable signature of the super-position of waves as light and as X-rays; and later experiments showed that this is true of all the other particles as well—protons, neutrons, and the atoms themselves. It would be true of large objects also were it not that their wave length is small, because of smallness of Planck's constant, and becomes completely insignificant compared with their dimensions and with any practical possibility of determining their location and outline.

The Heart of Atomic Theory

All the questions which puzzled men about the relations of Einstein's quanta and Maxwell's waves were thus to be equally sharp and equally troublesome for the wave and particle properties of matter. The resolution of these questions is the heart of atomic theory. They were brought to the point of crisis by another great discovery—Schroedinger's discovery of his wave equation.

In its original, bold form this was the discovery of a simple law for the propagation of electron waves—a natural generalisation of the connection between wave number and impulse, between energy and frequency, a generalisation nevertheless adequate to describe the gross features of atomic systems and most of the familiar properties of matter. This equation had many sorts of solutions. Some were stationary, unchanging in time, with a frequency and energy that corresponded to the stationary states of atoms. This same equation had other solutions of a very different kind, representing the trajectory of an electron as it might be seen crossing the Wilson cloud chamber. It had still other solutions, compounded by addition of several stationary states with their several proper frequencies. These were not stationary but varied in time with frequencies corresponding to the spectrum of atoms and molecules.

But what were these waves? What did they describe? How were they related to the ways in which we observe and study atomic systems, to Rutherford's probings, to the collisions and disturbances of atoms? Schroedinger understood that in some sense the world of classical physics would emerge from his equation, whenever the wave lengths were small enough; then the trajectories for bodies and planets would be like the geometric paths of light, the rays of optics. But what would the waves mean when this was not the case?

It would have been no answer to this question to attempt to interpret the waves as an essentially mechanical disturbance in some underlying mechanical medium; for the questions which needed answering had to do with the problems of stationary states, and the behaviour of electrons, and not with a sub-stratum inaccessible to observation. Nor was such a path followed. The discouraging outcome of an analogous attempt with electromagnetic waves was conclusive. It did not seem reasonable, nor in fact has it ever proved possible, at a time when the very foundations of classical mechanics were being altered, to reinterpret this revolution in classical mechanical terms.

There was another false start. It was at one time suggested that the waves, as they spread and moved, in some sense represented the changing shape, extension, and flow of the electron itself; when the disturbance grew larger the electron grew larger; when the wave moved faster the electron moved faster. But to this interpretation there was an insuperable obstacle. Whenever we looked for the position of the particle, looked not directly with the eye, but with the natural extension of looking with a microscope, we did not find it spread out; we never found part of it in the place where we were looking. Either it was there or it was not there—the whole or none of it. Whenever we tried to measure the velocity of an electron or its impulse, we never found that part of it was moving with one speed and part with another; there was always one electron, one velocity, one answer to an experimental inquiry. The spreading of the waves in space thus did not mean that the electron itself spread; it meant that the probability or likelihood of our finding the electron, when we look for it, spread as the wave does.

And thus it was that these waves were recognised as describing a state of affairs, as summarising information we had about the electron, as very much more abstract waves indeed than we had hitherto encountered in physics. Their interpretation was statistical as well as abstract: where a disturbance was large, there we were likely to find the electron if we looked for it; where it was small, unlikely. If the disturbance had ripples in which a certain wave length was prominent, a measurement of the momentum would be likely to give us a value corresponding to that wave length. This clearly is qualitative talk. Quantitative rules for assigning a wave function to describe the outcome of an observation—or of other certain forms of knowledge, such as that of an atom in its state of lowest energy—needed to be, could be, and were developed; and they are a part of quantum theory. Their exposition presupposes some mathematical talk and calls at least for a blackboard. Similarly, the simple rules which relate the magnitude or properties of a wave function to the expectations that it implies for one or another observation are a rigorous and necessary part of the theory. But with these bonds to tie the wave to our knowledge and to interpret it for our prediction, the basis of the new physics has been laid.

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* The fourth of six lectures on 'Science and the Common Understanding'

Statistical Physics

It is a statistical physics, as indeed might have been expected from the statistical features of atomic transitions. Its predictions are in the form of assertions of probability and only rarely and specially in the form of certitudes. With this in mind, let us look again at our problem of interference, and of the two holes.

Let us think of an opaque screen with two holes in it. Let us think of light, if we will; or, better still, let us think of electrons of a given velocity and therefore a given wave length and direction. We can do two experiments with a source of electrons. In one, each hole in turn will be open for a little, while the other is closed; in the other, both holes will be open together. If we register the electrons on the far side of the screen, for instance, with a photographic plate, we see that the two patterns are radically different. In the one case, we have a transmission through each of the holes separately, with the characteristic diffraction pattern for that wave length and for holes of that diameter. These patterns are just added to one another on the photographic film. But if both holes are open at the same time, something else happens. The waves that come through one interfere with those that come through the other; spots that were blackened before are now untouched and new spots appear where the electrons do arrive.

If we try to think of this in terms of following the electrons through one or the other of the holes, we cannot understand how it can make any difference whether that hole through which the electron did not pass is open or shut; yet it does. If we argue that the effect can be traced to the interaction of electrons passing through the two holes, we can disprove this by noting that the pattern is not affected by reducing the number of electrons to the point where there almost never are two passing through the two holes at the same time. What we are observing is something characteristic of the behaviour of single particles, not of the interaction of several.

We are thus led to say that in this experiment a knowledge of which hole the electron passed through is in principle inaccessible to us, that it is just the possibility of its passing through one or the other that leads to the characteristic new interference phenomena, the new light spots and the new dark spots on the photographic film. We conclude that, if we should make provision for registering through which hole the electron went, such as looking for it or observing the small push that it gives to the screen as it passes through, we would destroy the interference effects. We would then have the same result as if we had in fact opened and shut the holes successively.

We see the connection between these conclusions and the description of the state of affairs by a wave field in qualitative terms, rather closely paralleling the arguments that were made quantitative in the uncertainty principle of Heisenberg.

For we note that, if we were sure that the electron passed through one of the holes, the wave field would have to be restricted to that region; and that, if this were true, it would have to be composed not of a single wave length, or approximately a single one, but of waves of enough different wave lengths so that they can reinforce each other at one hole and vanish at the other; and we know that such waves have lost the coherent quality necessary for interference. A little more generally, the waves of a single wave length will correspond to an electron of a definite velocity or impulse, but in an ill-defined or undefined position; the waves that are localised to represent a definition of position will be broadly scattered in wave length and represent an undefined velocity or impulse. This complementary restriction on the degree to which a wave field can represent both a well-defined position and a well-defined impulse is universal; it is measured by the quantum of action. It holds not only for electrons but for the more complicated waves that describe complex systems, for atoms and nuclei and more composite bits of matter and more elementary ones. And the very fact that no wave field can give that complete definition of the position and velocity of an object which was taken for granted in classical physics is also a description of the limitation on the observations which in the real world we shall manage to make. It represents the fact that, when we study a system, making an experiment or an observation on it, we may—and in general we will, if we have prior knowledge before the experiment—be losing in whole or in part that prior knowledge. The experiment itself—that is, the physical interactions between the system and the equipment that we are using to study it—will not only alter what we previously knew, but will in general alter it in a way which cannot be followed without invalidating the measurement or observation we have undertaken.

To cite but one example: if in the problem of the two holes we try to detect which hole the electron has passed through by noticing the push that it gives to the screen at that point, we shall have to leave a part of the screen free to respond to the push; and by this we lose all certitude as to where that part of the screen was when that electron passed through it. Many complex and detailed studies have been made of how this limitation of knowledge occurs in an experiment; but since the principle of complementarity, and the general adequacy of a wave field to describe a state of affairs, underlies the description of both the object and the instrument of observation, these examples only illustrate and make vivid what must generally be true: the universal limitation, in contrast to classical physics, of the extent to which all aspects of a physical system can be defined for the same system in the same instance.

In observing atomic systems, in observing a system where the finiteness of the quantum of action plays an important part, we have a wide range of choice in the kind of probe, the kind of experiment, the kind of experimental equipment we wish to make. To any of these, if it is a good experiment, there will be a meaningful answer which tells us what the state of affairs is. From this, and from the wave field which represents it, we can then make statistical predictions of what will happen in a subsequent experiment. The potentialities of measurement are varied. We can do one thing or another; there are no inherent limits on the choice of actions on the part of the observer.

This is a very different view of reality from Newton's giant machine. It is not causal; there is no complete causal determination of the future on the basis of available knowledge of the present. The application of the laws of quantum theory restricts, but does not in general define, the outcome of an experiment. This means that every observation on a system reveals some new knowledge as to what its state is that did not exist before, and could not by analysis and mathematical computation have been obtained. It means that every intervention to make a measurement, to study what is going on in the atomic world, creates, despite all the universal order of this world, a new, a unique, not fully predictable, situation.

Schroedinger's Equation

Even in a brief account other points need to be mentioned. We have almost lost the concept of equations of motion, having discovered that the very terms in which they are formulated—position, velocity, acceleration, and force—are not simultaneously applicable and do not, taken together, correspond to things that we know about the electron with enough accuracy to be meaningful for an atomic system. Instead what we can have is a knowledge of the state, summarising for us what we have found by observation; and the analogue of the equation of motion must tell us how, in response to forces acting within the system or upon it, this state will change with time. This, it turns out, is just what Schroedinger's equation does. And once again this equation, when applied to the familiar contexts of massive bodies and great distances, where the quantum of action is in fact negligibly small, will describe for us waves so reasonably concentrated in space, so little dispersed about their average wave length, that the Newtonian orbit reappears in its unaltered, classical path.

But this condition—this emergence of an orbit—is a long way from the wave that describes the normal state of an atom. State and orbit, like position and impulse, are complementary notions; where one applies, the other cannot be defined, and for a full description we must be able to use now one, now the other, depending on the observation and the questions that we put.

When we speak here of observer and object, of instrument or probe, and system to be probed, we are not talking of the mind of man. We are talking of a division between the object of study and the means used to study it. That division can be made in more than one way. We may regard the α-particles that Rutherford used as an instrument, and their response as a measure of the state of affairs. We may regard the α-particle as a part of the system we are studying, and the slits that define its path or the fields that deflect it and the screens that detect it as the instrument. But whichever we do, the observation will always be transformed into some large-scale happening—some flash of light, some triggering of a circuit, some pointing of a pointer on the dial of an instrument—which is well defined and familiar and unambiguous, and where the question of our freedom to do one or another observation on it no longer is relevant. The atomic world has not lost its objective quality; but it attains this by means of those interlockings with experiment which we use to define one or another of its properties and to measure them.

It needs to be clear that what is described here is not an expression of mood or preference or taste; it is an exact, beautiful, quantitative, immensely versatile, and immensely successful science. It is what students learn when they prepare themselves for further researches in physics, or what engineers learn whose engineering involves a knowledge of the solid state of physical materials, or what chemists learn if they wish to understand the subtler features of chemical bonding or chemical kinetics, or astronomers if they wish to know what things are like in the interior of the stars. One could go much farther in describing this discipline, even without mathematics; but the words would before long become cumbersome and unfamiliar and almost a misinterpretation of what in mathematical terms can be said with beauty and simplicity.

Even some of the more paradoxical features of quantum theory turn out to be related to practical matters of real importance. One of the earliest to be noted and the oddest is this: if, in familiar life, we roll a ball up a hill and it does not have enough vigour to get over the top, it will roll back on the same side; it will not get through the hill. But if we bombard such a hill with α-particles or electrons they may have a small chance of getting through, even when they cannot get over. This has a close analogy with the fact that very small objects do not cast sharp shadows in a beam of light. Light because of its wave nature bends around them. It corresponds to the fact that when we let electrons or other particles of definite energy encounter a barrier, neither the kinetic nor the potential energy alone can be completely well defined; and indeed, were we to try to detect the electron just as it passes through the hill, we should need an experiment that could give the electron enough energy to be quite legitimately on top of the hill. This penetration of barriers is not without importance. It accounts for the fact that the a-particles that Rutherford used could sometimes, after millions of years, escape from the nuclei through a high hill where electrostatic repulsion had imprisoned them. It accounts for the fact that in the sun and other stars nuclei having only very moderate energy occasionally come into contact and react. Thus the stars light the heavens, and the sun warms and nourishes the earth.

Another consequence of the wave-like character of all matter is that, when particles with very low velocity and very long wave length bombard other particles of matter, they may interact far more often than if these interactions were limited to their coming in contact. The very lack of definition of their relative position makes interaction possible, in some cases over distances characterised not by their dimensions but by their wave length. This is the circumstance which, among many others, enables the rare Uranium-235, as it occurs in natural uranium, to catch up enough of the neutrons which fly about to sustain a chain reaction in an atomic reactor.

There are even some odd things about the identity and the identifiability of the electrons themselves. That they are all similar we know. Their inherent properties, their charge, their mass when at rest, are the same. We wish that we understood this better; some day, no doubt, we shall; but we know that it is true. But if classical physics were the whole story, we could still, if we wished, always identify an electron, and know that it was the same as the one we had seen before. We could follow it, not, it is true, without trouble, but without paradox, without inconsistency, from where we first found it through its collisions and interactions and deflections and changes by keeping in touch with its trajectory. If it hit another electron, we would know which it was that came out in one direction and which in another. In fact this is not really true, except in those special instances where the collision is of such low energy that the two electrons can be described by waves which never overlap at the same place at the same time. As soon as that is no longer the case, we lose in principle all ability to tell one electron from another; and in atomic physics, where the electrons of an atom, and even the electrons of neighbouring atoms, are not well defined in position and can often occupy the same volume, we have no way of identifying the individual particle. This, too, has consequences. When two electrons collide, the wave that represents one of them and the wave that represents the other may, and do, interfere; and this gives rise to novel effects and new forms for the interactions produced by their electric repulsion. It is responsible for the permanent magnetism of magnets. It is responsible for the bonding of organic chemistry and for the very existence in any form that we can readily imagine of living matter and of life itself.

These examples are not given to perplex and bemuse. They are rather illustrations of how even the most paradoxical and unexpected consequences of the new mechanics, of wave-particle duality, and of complementarity are involved in an understanding of important and familiar features of the natural world, and of how massive is the system of understanding and knowledge of which they are a part.—*Home Service*

Human Nature in Politics—II

By HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

MR. STUART HAMPSHIRE, in his introductory talk last week, suggested that the function of reason in politics is to look beyond the familiar categories of political thought, the day-to-day expedients of practical administrators, and discover in advance—that is, before they are dangerously obvious to everyone—the great human problems that will face us next. Human society keeps changing: human needs unfelt yesterday are darkly felt, though unexpressed, today; and if not expressed and thus understood and met in good time today, they may become explosive tomorrow. Let us, therefore, direct our faculties to discovering these new needs before they become combustible instead of merely preening ourselves on the apparent solution of the old. . . . With some parts of this argument I agree, but by no means with all.

First, I agree that this is *a* function of political thought. I agree that human needs—and (what is more important) the sense and consciousness of them—vary from generation to generation, and that rational politics must keep always in touch with these changes; and I agree that it is, therefore, a function of political science to detect these changes sooner rather than later; but I also believe that these changes are not round every corner in time, and that even when they are round the corner, they are difficult to detect and easy to misjudge; and I am, therefore, much more chary than Mr. Hampshire appears to be of adopting, in such delicate matters, what he calls 'utopian' rather than 'realist' solutions. If these are the terms we are to use, I must declare myself a realist, not a utopian; but then I am a historian, and I suppose all historians are realists in politics; at least I cannot imagine what the works of a utopian historian would be like.

Let me begin with the point where Mr. Hampshire and I agree. I think we are in agreement in supposing that the study of history and politics is primarily the study of men, and that all political theory and political science must begin with a clear view of the psychology of man, at least in certain aspects of his behaviour. All the great and effective political theorists have recognised this. Hobbes began his political theory with a psychological theory—his mechanical, despotic state was devised for a mechanical, fear-driven humanity. John Locke and his eighteenth-century followers advocated political freedom—*i.e.* non-intervention by government—on the assumption that man was naturally good and self-improving and that his economic activities were naturally helpful to society; while the seventeenth-century philosophers whom he challenged had proceeded from an opposite assumption. The same point can be made indefinitely. Political theory which does not start from a theory of man is in my view quite worthless.

Changing Attitudes in Society

But (and here I also agree with Mr. Hampshire) the motivation of man, if I may use that phrase, is not constant. There may be certain basic needs which are essential factors in his behaviour at all times, like the need for security or sufficiency or tradition or religion; but the *mind* of man, which finds the terms and the forms and the order of priority among the forms in which these needs are expressed, is capable of great variation from time to time and place to place. This seems to me a most important point, and many historians seem to have caricatured the past by failing to recognise it and ascribing to one century the human motives and priorities of another. In fact, the more one studies the human mind in the past, the more one realises these differences in its motivation. Take the attitude to money. In the sixteenth century, money was made by those who could make it, eagerly indeed, but almost with a sense of guilt; and it was made in order to be quickly spent; a man was valued not by what he left at death—that is, what he had saved—but by what he was 'able to dispend' in his lifetime. Consequently, for a public man to die deep in debt was no disgrace—it was almost a virtue: it showed that he had not only taken what society had given, but had given it back. How different from the attitude of the nineteenth century, when a man was valued by what he 'cut up at', by what he left at his death—that is, what he had saved in his life—and to die in debt was a mark of ignominy!

Such a difference in the attitude to money led to all kinds of other differences—for instance, in the attitude to charity. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the great era of charity: men then salved their consciences for having collected money by putting a percentage of it back into society; whereas in the nineteenth century, when the making and saving of money was in itself evidence of virtue, there was nothing to apologise for and charity was less admired. Self-help was then a more fashionable virtue. Again, look at the changing attitude of men towards childhood. Nowadays, children are regarded not merely as the means of continuing the family in the future but as enjoying, in the present, a blissful state of almost inspired innocence. In the seventeenth century, children were regarded as poor benighted creatures, as yet only half-human, to be pitied in their larval state.

Men's attitude to death, too—if one looks at the representations of it in art—underwent a most remarkable change between the Christian security of the thirteenth and the tortured macabre imagery of the fifteenth century. Death, children, money—these are all fundamental things common to the experience of all men, and if the attitude of men towards them can so change, then it is obvious that it is man himself who changes, and, therefore, that his psychological needs and their political satisfaction also vary across the frontiers of time. The men of the Middle Ages or of the sixteenth century did not feel, as we feel, that ordinary people had a right to participate in government; they did not, like the men of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, think that the purpose of society was 'progress'—they would not even have understood the meaning of the word; and men do not now—they cannot now—take it for granted that the purpose of government is to serve the dynastic interest and prestige of a ruling family. And yet in the seventeenth century men did take that for granted: they even believed that a ruling prince could prescribe his subjects' religion. Modern-minded, fashionable historians often knowingly inform us that these differences were merely superficial forms, behind which men were pursuing the same constant ideals; that Louix XIV merely said he was interested in *la gloire* but really was pursuing foreign markets, etc. I am afraid I regard this as a philosophically unsound dogma, and its application as bad history. The very historians who insist that our modern political motivation has always really underlain the forms of the past are the first to laugh at (say) the Victorian writers who assumed the same universal validity for their political motivation. Further, it seems to me vulgar and parochial thus to deny to our ancestors the right to think differently from ourselves—even to tell them that they do not mean what they say when they protest that they did think differently. In short, I believe that motivation has varied greatly, and therefore that there can be no ideal or permanent political system, only a series of political philosophies which succeed or fail according as they are appropriate or inappropriate to the changing psychological as well as to the permanent basic needs of humanity.

In all this I think that I am in agreement with Mr. Hampshire. I see human society changing not merely in its economic and social structure but also in its psychological motivation; and I see the duty of political thinkers as a duty to remember and detect and announce those changes which practical politicians, concerned with day-to-day tasks, may otherwise too easily ignore. Historians, who have seen such situations often enough in the past, are well qualified to know that they occur; but it does not follow that they are therefore the best qualified to guess what the direction of change will or should be. That is a speculative, an imaginative, task; and perhaps it is because it is so speculative that I, as a historian, feel so timid, while Mr. Hampshire, as a philosopher, can afford to be so bold. At all events, I will now go on from the fact of political change, and the duty of anticipating such change, which we both agree in recognising, to the nature and direction of change in respect of which he declares himself a Utopian, and I am not.

For what is Mr. Hampshire's positive philosophy? He seems to me to envisage a series of almost geological ages of history separated by transitional stages. At the end of each age some political philosopher of genius, by seeing beyond his contemporaries, has launched an intellectual revolution, altered the climate of thought and thereby the structure of society, and thus initiated another age—to be replaced in its turn by a new genius, a new revolution, and a new age. Machiavelli launched such a change in the sixteenth century, and inaugurated the Age of Princes; Rousseau another, creating the French Revolution; Marx a third, creating the Russian Revolution. These great thinkers, Mr. Hampshire allows, were in many ways angular and wrong-headed, and they can easily be refuted in detail; their revolutions did not go according to plan and a great deal of modification and muddle ensued. Still, in the end, when their revolutions had subsided, a new age had been born, and although they had perhaps been clumsy midwives—although they had resorted to a Caesarian operation and the child was disfigured by some nasty birthmarks—nevertheless, if it was born alive and not dead, that is something and the credit is due to them.

This view seems to me much too catastrophic. As a historian I cannot accept this picture of 'ages'—of one 'arrangement of society' 'straightforwardly'—that is by an almost surgical operation—replacing another. I reject it, first, because I do not think that things have in fact happened thus in history; and, second, because I think that whenever such 'straightforward' operations have been undertaken, they have always proved bloody and expensive ways of achieving results which, in so far as they are good results, could have been achieved, and in fact sometimes have been achieved, by cheaper and more reliable, if less spectacular, methods. I will deal with these reasons separately.

First, the question of fact. What in fact is the evidence for 'arrangements of society' succeeding each other not by 'tight calculations of expediency' but all at once 'straightforwardly'? In my opinion there is none. These 'ages' or 'arrangements of society' are simply philosophers' abstractions retrospectively imposed on unresisting dead centuries. As Julien Benda once wrote about them, 'it is not always noted how ridiculously few are the historical examples on which these eternally valid "laws" of human evolution are based. One philosopher (Vico) proclaims that history is a regular alternation between progress and regression, and gives *two* examples; another (St. Simon) that it is a series of oscillations between organic and critical periods, and gives *two* examples; a third (Marx) that it is a succession of economic systems, each violently replacing its predecessor, and gives *one* example'. This seems to me a fair criticism, and one, incidentally, that goes for Spengler and Toynbee, too.

Judgment by Results

Secondly, there is the question of method. Supposing it is true that there was a fundamental difference between (say) the pre-Rousseau and the post-Rousseau, or between the pre-Marxist and the post-Marxist eras, and that the later eras were more desirable, in the circumstances of the time, than the earlier. Even so, ought we to assume that the philosophies which inspired the French and Russian Revolutions were necessarily the best methods of inspiring such improvements? I believe that a historian, before passing judgment on any revolution in political thought, ought to consider, first, what were its *net* practical results; and, secondly, whether those results could have been brought about by other methods; and, thirdly, if there was such a possible alternative, what was the relative cost of the alternatives. If we apply these tests to any of the great 'ideological' revolutions, I believe we shall find that they have not been inevitable and that their gains have often been bought at an unnecessarily high price.

Take the English Revolution of the mid-seventeenth century, about which I feel best informed. What was finally secured in 1660—I refer only to practical results, not to changes in the climate of thought—that had not already been secured—if the revolution had not broken out—in 1641? As far as I can see, one thing only: the abolition of feudal taxes and their replacement by an excise—an arrangement that was nearly achieved by negotiation in 1610, was projected again in 1641, and obviously could have been achieved by negotiation if suitable circumstances had been created: it did not require twenty years of civil war, revolution, dictatorship, and anarchy to bring it about. This little formula can, I believe, be applied to other revolutions, too; and I think it is worth applying it before we advocate revolutionary rearrangements of society. The plain fact is that 'reformation without tarrying for any' has never been as simple and surgical an operation as political philosophers suppose: revolutions in fact almost always degenerate and get out of control, and the energies which might have been devoted to improving society are wasted instead in a succession of irrelevant muddles.

Further, at the risk of being declared an English nationalist I shall add that I think much too much is made of the French and Russian Revolutions, and their philosophers Rousseau and Marx. I am rather tired of hearing about the principles of 1789. What advantages did the doctrines of Rousseau bring to the French bourgeoisie which were not obtained in England without such a costly revolution? And what advantages have the political doctrines of Marx brought to the working class anywhere which have not been achieved in England and America, where every political party repudiates Marx? It may be that violent doctrines and utopian blueprints and bloody and expensive revolutionary methods are necessary in countries where a retarded *ancien régime* is otherwise irremovable; but in that case I would submit that whereas the function of political philosophers may be in that particular case to find a desperate remedy for a desperate disease, their function in general remains to discover a political system which prevents such a desperate situation from arising.

In fact, instead of Rousseau and Marx, I would recommend another foreign philosopher: Alexis de Tocqueville. De Tocqueville was a historian and a politician; he analysed and understood the practical needs of French eighteenth-century society as the 'utopian' Rousseau had never done; and in January 1848, when the practical day-to-day politicians were complacently supposing that all political problems had been solved, he could see that a new revolution was brewing. 'Do you not realise', he asked the Chamber of Deputies—before Marx or the Communist Manifesto had been heard of—'that men's passions, from political, have become social?' He was not heeded, and Marx, in the form of the June revolution, and Rousseau, in the form of the Third Empire, were enabled to bedevil, for a period, the development of France. The doctrinaire 'utopian' philosophers of course despised the empirical, unsystematic methods of de Tocqueville and his English models. Saint-Simon sneered that a hundred folio volumes would not contain all the absurdities of English government. 'Does it never occur to him', retorted de Tocqueville, 'that these absurdities may have some connection with their freedom?'

In other words I am an empiricist. Mr. Hampshire divides political philosophers into utopians and realists, and I deduce that to him 'realists' are those almost cynical persons who deny the necessity of change and rely on politicians' tricks, 'old Machiavellian calculations', in order to keep the old machine ticking over. I would reject that view. As against the utopians, who seem to me too willing to sacrifice humanity to their own large plans for its improvement, I would maintain that although society does change and political forms therefore must change, the function of the political philosopher is not to devise ideal 'arrangements of society' to be 'straightforwardly' advocated. His function is, in the intellectual field, to look out for those changes of social need and human motivation which may be (but are not necessarily) round the corner and, in the practical field, to devise a political system sufficiently elastic to be adjustable to those changes. If that is done, we can profitably dispense with such dreary and disastrous prophets as Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Karl Marx.

—*Third Programme*

Virtue in Our Time

By ALAN PRYCE-JONES

NOT long ago, when I gave some talks called 'The Good Life'*, I tried to show how the classical and the romantic view of life and its purposes act upon writers and so upon ourselves. You cannot, of course, impose rigid schemes of thought upon all writers. Still less can you boil down the effervescing imaginations of 2,000 years and more into a set of neat little propositions which can be applied equally and everywhere. I think, however, you can, even in three short talks, give an idea of the different kinds of life which writers have continued to think good, and therefore desirable. To that extent every imaginative writer grinds an axe. He is trying to convert his readers to something, even if it is only to a state of angry distrust. And so I want here to apply my argument to the writers of our own time, to build up a microcosm of the writers' world, based on the general contention that what makes writers write is a perpetual argument between two points of view: an ideal of classical moderation on one hand, and an ideal of romantic excess on the other.

The difficulty is to know where to begin. There is, in a sense, no beginning either to the notion of 'our own time', or to that aspect of our own time which we call modern literature. But I suppose one could take a single name as representative of the main change which has come over our civilisation, and if so I should choose D. H. Lawrence.

You may well ask, 'Is Lawrence so great a writer? Is he really the prophet he set out to be?' And if you think about Lawrence in relation to the great writers of the past, the answer to those questions is rather striking. Look at the history of the novel. First you get writers like Madame de La Fayette, or Fielding, or Dickens, for example. They depict life quite clearly, with clear comments upon what they see. Then, as the modern world gets more and more complicated, writers get more complicated too. Like Hardy, they make romantic statements in classical terms; like Meredith, they build up a classical view of the world in highly romantic language. Up to about 1910 you can still watch the great writer in operation. He builds a great row of books; he builds a view of himself, and of the world; he gains a large, reliable public; by the time he is old, all the parts of his personality have cohered into one whole, so that you can say 'Trollope', or 'Conrad', or 'Anatole France', and have in your mind, as it were, a single coherent object.

Lawrence is not at all like that. His quality has to be admitted; it is not self-evident. He often writes very badly: his effects just do not come off. He often puts the reader against him. His odd mixture of violence and compassion makes no advance, hard as he tries, over what had been done nearly a century before by another half-forgotten invalid, Georg Büchner. In fact, because it is more compressed, more sharply defined, I should say that Büchner's *Wozzeck* is a more powerful warning about the misuse of love than any uttered by Lawrence.

Yet there Lawrence stands—an unavoidable figure. It is a queer kind of reputation, that of the all-demanding writer—the writer who has to be accepted, faults and all. I know I am not alone in finding myself reading Lawrence with alternate attacks of embarrassment and irritation. But I could not deny his greatness. Because he saw very precisely certain things about the modern world which had become hidden in its growing social complexity. He saw the evil of its obsession with money. He saw the hypocrisy of conventional statements about love and sex. He saw the fallacy of attributing too much power to the faculty of reason, and too little to that of instinctive feeling. I doubt if he often saw what was right; but he very often saw what was wrong. And so he became an essential element in the pattern of the modern novel: he represents the will to see things as they are, not as we want them to be.

There could not be a school of Lawrence; but writers like Aldous

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* THE LISTENER, September 24, October 1 and 8

Huxley, like Faulkner or Hemingway, like Sartre, like Silone, have all attacked the problem of writing a novel with a similar idea in their head. Life, any of them might have said, is an experience to be faced, a rich, disgusting, fascinating experience. Virtue therefore lies in the skill and courage with which opportunities are taken. We invent as we go on, we create ourselves out of our follies. We have the warning spectacle of other people before our eyes; we have the dark urges of our own blood to tantalise us with impossible satisfactions endlessly withheld.

Unearthing the Clue

That is all very well for the kind of writer who cultivates difficulties, who, as it were, carries a hothouse in his head, full of rare fancies. But there is another equally important kind of writer: he is the man who understands life instinctively as an affair not of urges but of order, as a source not of disgust but of possible harmony. There must be a clue somewhere, he feels—a cool, rational explanation of the fact that life as it ought to be is so very different from life as it is. So his point in writing novels is to unearth that clue.

Such writers are not so very numerous nowadays. E. M. Forster, Elizabeth Bowen, Rosamond Lehmann: that is the kind of novelist I have in mind: and the Charles Morgan of *Portrait in a Mirror*, and the Christopher Isherwood of *Lions and Shadows* or *The Memorial*. A rum lot, they look all together; but they have this in common: they all believe in personal relationships. To such writers as these virtue has nothing prophetic about it. It is part of the right use of time. People use their advantages well or badly; they love, they die; they talk a great deal; they live in large rooms, but not too grandly; they know about a variety of subjects. And there they are in this world, not very sure of any other, not very sure of anything, but suggestive, insinuating, as full of echoes as a glass bell. Some of the people of Virginia Woolf are like that: indeed, *The Waves, The Years*, are the exactly appropriate titles for such books. Time is the element in which such writers live. They tell us we get older, they tell us how we fall out of love, they exclaim 'To the Lighthouse' but never get there.

These are the novels of the liberal tradition, and very good novels they can be. But they have the fault of getting stuck in a particular middle-class stratum which itself has been dying for a whole generation. E. M. Forster apparently wrote about Tonbridge under the name of Sawston. His Sawston no doubt represented a real force a good many years ago. It was Philistia, it was an active enemy. You could set up Italy as an antithesis—Sawston the boorish humdrum centre of middle-class conventionality, and Italy the land of sunlight and ardour and truth. But, today, are there such places, inhabited by such people? Somehow I rather doubt it. I do not think any writer has yet dealt adequately with the world in which houses are being divided into flats, and flats are taking in paying-guests; the world of no privacy and no leisure, no surpluses and no privilege.

Or if they do write of such a world, they do it in terms of surprised anger, like Evelyn Waugh describing *Scott-King's Modern Europe*; or in terms of allegorical fantasy like Orwell's *Animal Farm*. That is, the settings of modern life are treated as though they were deviations from the normal, fallings away either from a half-remembered aristocratic ideal or from a radiant democracy. But here another element comes in. For neither Evelyn Waugh nor even Orwell can be described as liberals. Can it be, then, that true liberals simply cannot bear the spectacle of the world as it is, and so turn back towards the past, leaving the present and the future to different kinds of dogmatic? I believe that is true; real life, as it is led at this moment, can only be contemplated by those who are preaching either a message of hope or of despair. Apparently it cannot be simply described, as the life of, say, Mr. Polly could be described. It has to be interpreted, as a text is interpreted in a sermon—a horrid and uncongenial conclusion, but one which must be faced. Perhaps that is why most of our dogmatics show such a dislike of life. Having chosen their text, they become obsessed by the discrepancy between the ideal which it implies and the reality which surrounds them every day. The leftists, preaching social justice, perceive nothing but reassuring symptoms of decay in the present social system; and the Christians, preaching salvation, use the same symptoms as a warning.

So, in one way, the wheel comes full circle. The communist and the Catholic are united in hating the life round them: for both, virtue can come to reside in that sensation of hate—and for both, the sensation of life as an evolving experience, an exciting game if you like, gets overwhelmed by too obsessive a feeling that everyone else is thoroughly wrong-headed. The world appears to consist of one or two avengers and a vast herd of fools waiting to be punished. This is where fiction holds up a distorting mirror to life. For think: the world is composed of people whose opinions are more or less settled round some dogmatic structure. If they have been brought up in Italy or Austria they are likely to hold a set of ideas which would seem irrelevant in Turkey or Sweden. But probably they are not wholly logical people. You could almost say that to be wholly logical is a sign of not being fully alive.

Those writers, however, who use their imaginations for a dogmatic purpose—writers like Mauriac, Graham Greene, Claudel, or, at the opposite extreme, Céline and Louis Aragon—are forced to leave out of account any aspect of life which does not suit their purpose. They cannot make a general statement, according to their own complexion of mind, to the effect that social justice is more important than anything else, or that salvation is more important than anything else. They have to mould and adapt and distort the evidence in order to make their conclusion watertight. For example, the communist writer has to overpaint the shaded colours of real life with extremes of black and white, and then top the whole with a red flag. In the same way the Catholic writer is too often forced into extremes of paradox in order to make his picture of life square with what he sees all round him. No wonder that a good deal of sleight of hand is needed to make this reconciliation tidily in the form of a novel, since it is something which it often takes the saints themselves a whole lifetime of anxious experience even to approach.

Some such notion must lie behind the decision of other novelists to sacrifice everything to pattern-making. They do not try to prove anything; they are not out primarily to tell a story or to explore human relationships under a microscope. They simply want to construct a satisfying pattern, like the drawings of Klee or the music of Stravinsky. Ivy Compton Burnett is one such writer, and Henry Green another. The pattern itself and each of its elements has to be fresh and elegant and, in the best sense of the word, amusing. Like all patterns it has to possess a harmony made up of contradictions. A novelist of this kind might assert his claim to be heard on the ground that all life is nothing but a series of patterns—which, however, it needs an expert eye to discern. The whole world is made up of antiphonal processes which it is the business of the novelist to overhear, and set in the right order, and then record.

I have said nothing of the satirists, like Angus Wilson, whose virtue is to stimulate their own magnetic quality of simultaneous attraction and repulsion; of those writers, like Denton Welch, who are so fascinated by themselves that they have no time to look outside their own experience; of the plain chroniclers, like Somerset Maugham, who take the facts, put them down in a business-like fashion and as palatably as possible, and then pass on to another set of facts. Such writers are like a coachman on the box with his reader harnessed between the shafts. Blinkers keep most of the landscape from that reader as he trots along, except if it lies straight ahead. But at least the coachman is in admirable control of the situation, and he knows himself to be very much cleverer than his horse.

No Underlying Pattern

But I think I have said enough to suggest that our time is one in which it is quite impossible to detect any one underlying pattern, or even any opposed groups of underlying patterns. Orthodoxies and unorthodoxies are so abundant that they can scarcely be said to exist. To a greater extent than ever before, every literate citizen feels himself to be his own orthodoxy in his own person, surrounded by anarchists. And yet I am ready to believe that, one day, our modern imaginative world will look very different. After all, one can find some kind of analogy in the eighteenth century. There was then a tremendous babble of voices, all sounding very important, all raised slightly in pitch in order to be sure of a hearing. Most of them are forgotten today, and those which survive have fallen more or less into order. Is it not possible, then, that one day, when nearly all our contemporaries have relapsed into a decent obscurity for ever, a few simple facts will emerge as the only significant ones? I doubt today if anyone can foresee which they will be. But they will be connected with the search, along a dozen parallel lines, for some principle of order in the affairs of men.

The nearer you get to that principle of order the nearer you get to what I have called the Good Life. And in so far as any virtue can be detected in the writers of our time, it is a function of their need for order. When civilisation looks like slipping, and the word 'progress' is used as a term of derision, we ought to be grateful to the devotion of writers who try to arrest that process by every possible means: grateful, but not too impatient for results.—*From a Home Service talk*

Latin America Today

SIR DAVID KELLY gives the last of eight talks on 'Latin America Past and Present'

IN the third talk in this series* Professor Humphreys paid a deserved but unusual tribute to the old Spanish monarchy which for 300 years ruled nineteen of the twenty Latin American Republics. He pointed out that in the Spanish, though not in the English colonies, European civilisation was engrafted on to Indian stock, that Indian slavery was prohibited, and that 'no government has sought with more anxious care than did the Crown of Castile to secure the welfare of a conquered race'.

The Spanish monarchy was indeed unique among European colonising governments in this respect, and the results are still very important today. As early as 1519 the Indies were incorporated in the Crown of Castile, implying the equality of Castile and the Indies, equal rights for individuals, and separate institutions. So when Napoleon overran Spain, the colonies claimed they owed allegiance to the dynasty, not to the provisional Spanish Government. The monarchy further insisted on a principle derived from Saint Augustine, that the relations of the Indians and the colonists must be based on the eternal law of justice, on what they called the social compact. This meant that the Indians, having separate as well as common interests, must have separate institutions. Naturally, many settlers disliked this conception; but, unlike the English and Dutch colonists, they never got their own way. Modern historical research, especially in the U.S.A., has killed the legend of Spanish misrule in the Indies, and the fact is that the general insistence on the observance of moral law has left two great legacies which have been the backbone of Latin America.

Sao Paulo, Brazil, 'a commercial rival to Rio de Janeiro'

First: except in Argentina, where they were always scarce, the Indians survive and increase, with a striking absence of racial friction; and with them great numbers of mixed race with little social and no political handicaps. Secondly: in no part of the world is the family spirit stronger; I mean not just the unit of parents and children, but the patriarchal family including all the relations. This family basis has enabled the normal life to continue undisturbed by the notorious lack of political stability. Just because the revolutions have been merely political, they have been superficial; the social fabric has remained intact. In a way, they are connected: for family feeling breeds nepotism, and this is one reason why parliamentary institutions have never really taken root in Latin America. Even the dispossession of the Mexican landowners is not inconsistent with this, for it was due not primarily to abstract revolutionary theories but to the fact that the Indian peasants had never, at heart accepted the feudal rule of the Spanish aristocrats.

Latin American ideals sometimes include federal union, but the facts of geography and history rule this out. It is enough, without special study, only to fly down the east and west coasts to realise the diversity of climate, the recurrence of great horizontal belts of arid desert or impenetrable jungle, and the diversity of racial composition. Argentina, with her mostly temperate climate, European population, and great central agricultural plain, has in many ways more in common with parts of Europe than with the central tropical republics, or even with Mexico or Peru.

The contrast is hardly less between Argentina and her great and wealthy neighbour, Brazil. The axis of Argentina is the *pampa*, the agricultural plain; the north-west forests and sugar plantations, the delightful hilly provinces of Cordoba and Mendoza, the southern lakes and far-southern sheep country, are all on the periphery. On the plain, road-building material is so scarce that production is centred on the railways and there is little mineral basis for natural industrial development. The population is basically Spanish and Italian, with an incalculable debt to the British colony and the British investment. Contrast all this with Brazil, divided by a series of horizontal belts between which transport is difficult except by sea; indeed, you cannot go from north to south by rail. While all Argentine towns are unimportant compared with Buenos Aires, Sao Paulo is a commercial rival to Rio de Janeiro, and the civil war in the nineteen-thirties was largely due to the feeling of the Paolistas that they were paying more than their fair share of the cost of government controlled in Rio without due regard to the interests of Sao Paulo.

Again, Argentina, both as a primarily agricultural country and on account of the British investment, was orientated for many years towards the British market; while Brazil not only has substantial minerals and hydro-electric resources, well described by Mr. Butland in the second talk†, but, owing especially to her coffee production, tended to economic orientation towards the United States even before the great American investment began. Finally, though Brazil has a large European population, there is also a substantial coloured population both Indian and especially African. Incidentally, the German element was recently nearly five per cent. of the population and has played a much greater role than in Argentina.

On the west coast, Chile and Peru—Peru was in Spanish times the regional seat of government owing to its precious metals—have been handicapped by their remoteness, lack of varied industrial materials, and lack of depth between the Pacific and the Andes mountain chain which cuts South America vertically in two. In Chile the fertile south is wholly different from the arid north, where nature deposited more than a third of the world's copper reserves and all the nitrate, a valuable monopoly till the creation of artificial substitutes. As is so often the case in Latin America, Chilean copper, like Bolivian tin or Venezuelan oil, can neither be exploited by local effort nor used in conjunction with local industry: their national value, apart from giving employment, amounts to whatever the national governments can get out of the foreign producer in revenue. Bolivia has been handicapped by lack of access to the sea and drained by costly wars.

There is one other background factor—the influence of soil and climate on European immigration. The special effects of life in tropical and subtropical zones are well known; it is less known that even in the temperate Argentine region, comparable in some ways with South Africa, there is some element which has hitherto made it necessary for the livestock industry to receive constant injections of fresh blood from the land of its origin, notably Great Britain. At the fashionable annual cattle show in Buenos Aires I have seen £10,000 paid for an imported British bull, and British horses have been bought for £40,000.

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* THE LISTENER, October 29

† THE LISTENER, October 22

Anti-Foreign Nationalism

Consideration of this in all its implications brings us to two outstanding recent developments which vitally affect the present position of Latin America, and on the view we take of them depends our estimate of the future. I refer to the almost general growth of anti-foreign nationalism and of a passion for rapid industrialisation regardless of cost. They are connected; and the first step towards appreciating their effects, but which is apt to be disregarded, is to consider the debt which Latin America owes to foreign, but in the past particularly British, investment and technique. This applies to nearly all the twenty nations including Brazil, and even to Mexico, the neighbour of the United States, where British enterprise was responsible for railways, ports, electrical power, and took a big share in mining and oil developments; but a general survey being impossible, I will take my illustrations from Argentine history.

The British horse was followed in 1826 by the all-British 'Racing Club'. In 1827 John Miller imported the first shorthorn, and I attended at Miller's Estancia, still British owned, a celebration of the event with the Minister of Agriculture and the Cardinal Archbishop of Buenos Aires. Richard Newton set up the first wire fence—a typical feature of the Argentine landscape—in 1844; in 1874 a British Estancia, Mr. Shennan's El Negrete, saw the first sheep-dip and the first game of polo. The first Aberdeen Angus was imported by Mr. Grant in 1876. The first steamship to arrive at Buenos Aires was the Royal Mail *Esk* in 1851. It sounds incredible, but it is true that all the following were started by British capital and engineers: gas, electric light, the meat packing industry, agricultural and industrial machinery, insurance, banks, tramways, telephones, telegraphs, wireless; and so, incidentally, were football, rugby, rowing, tennis, golf, polo, and boxing. I have left to the last the most important of all, the railways, on which the whole modern development depended. At the very end, out of 26,800 miles of railways, 20,000 were British owned.

This is not just of historical interest. The problems of economic nationalism and industrial self-sufficiency cannot be judged, as they nearly aways are, on an emotional basis without reference to the part played by foreign co-operation in the build-up of contemporary Latin America. The wave of nationalism which has been sweeping the continent for thirty years came first. It has restricted immigration, restricted the employment of foreign residents, and treated old capital investments, particularly public utilities, as public enemies. These have been for many years prevented from earning not only profits but renewal and upkeep, until, finally, they can be expropriated at scrap prices. The constant complaint about the *pingues ganancias*, fat profits, of the foreign shareholder is largely mythical, for the greater part of the British investment in Latin America—perhaps £500,000,000 sterling in Argentina alone—has been irretrievably lost, and one must not forget the wholesale defaults of most American countries on their foreign loans. But even had a normal investment profit been earned over the past thirty years it would have been insignificant compared with the national growths which the foreign enterprise and 'know-how' alone made possible.

This economic nationalism is clearly linked with the most recent crusade for industrialisation, which I called earlier a 'passion' because it is partly based on an emotional desire for national self-sufficiency. One cannot reproach any people for working to build up national industries, even with tariffs and subsidies, as long as the industries are economically sound and fit into the general national economy. This is not what is happening. In Brazil, whose water power and mineral resources would justify considerable industrial development, tens of thousands of factories have been hurriedly created, with the result that, notwithstanding her real wealth and close co-operation with the United States, she is denuded of foreign exchange and the cities are overcrowded to the point that the housing situation is a nightmare. In Argentina, lacking the industrial raw materials of Brazil, the prospects are worse. Argentina emerged from the last war with enormous foreign credits and a consumption of two pounds of meat per head per day. Today those credits have nearly disappeared and the population have had the incredible experience of meatless days; fortunately, a record harvest has afforded a temporary respite.

Her agriculture, joint product of nature and foreign imports, is undermined by the loss of the foreign markets which used to pay with industrial goods and investments; undermined by the galloping inflation, and by the tidal wave of migration to the cities, where a flood of labour laws increase the inflation they are intended to offset. I know rural depopulation is world wide, but there it has assumed catastrophic proportions, as the Government now recognises by its compulsory rustication of all new immigrants. Exchange restrictions alike in Argentina and Brazil are such that no one can invest or go to work there with any assurance of ever getting his interest or his savings away again; he can hardly get out of Brazil except by travelling on overcrowded Brazilian ships or aircraft unless he has foreign currency, and, incidentally, the cultural level must be affected by the difficulty of getting foreign books in Argentina and, I understand, also in Brazil.

The first criticism of forced industrialism is that it involves tariffs, and restrictions on imports and exchange, at the expense of the primary industries which have a natural basis in local resources; and that by inflation and restriction of imports and the forced production of inferior goods, and by the overgrowth of the cities, it leads to a deterioration of the whole standard of living. A large number of the new industries are ones in which European or American business men, at least the important ones, would not have embarked, and did not embark, as commercial propositions and in face of ordinary international competition. They have not the necessary foundation in accessible raw materials, and can only flourish in a hot-house atmosphere of subsidies, near-monopoly, exchange restrictions, and inflation. Much has been made of the cutting off of accustomed sources of supply during the two world wars; but this temporary inconvenience was more than offset by the huge profits earned by the primary industries from the countries at war.

The second criticism I advance tentatively, though I believe it is well founded. If the major contribution of foreign capital and personnel was inevitable in the early stages, the fact that it went on for so long is suggestive. When the landowners and professional men began to acquire immense wealth, they seldom used it for purposes of normal industrial development, unless in government contracts with a quick profit. I think the average Latin American is not industrially minded in the same sense as the Germans, Americans, or British. His natural intelligence is high, but it is not of the patient, thorough type. His inclination is to seek quick profits, and the opportunities are increased in places where a relation in the right place can be most helpful.

The third danger is the subversive effect of unbalanced industrialism on that underlying social stability which has cushioned Latin America against her chronic political disturbances. The overgrowth of the cities, inflation, mushroom fortunes, and competition among demagogues for easy popularity, must tend to disintegrate the family and the whole traditional social life.

How does the recent influx of North American capital fit into the picture? The first influx after 1914 acquired some of the British interests, the telephones for example; the great influx has come with the second war, and has included vast expenditure on philanthropic and educational schemes. Naturally, nationalism welcomes new money—in fact, could not do without it; but if the injection stops, the value of much of it to the investor will be problematical.

A Continent Divided

The overall picture is of a continent divided by nature into many compartments, and by man into twenty nations, varying in composition from mainly Indian and Mestizo to mainly European. They share an absence of racial feeling and a basic way of life derived from a common faith and the benevolent rule of the Spanish, in Brazil the Portuguese, monarchy. For nearly 100 years all parts, though very unevenly, enjoyed a progressive development on natural lines with the aid of foreign capital, technique, and markets; the age of liberalism, 'buy from those who buy from us'. I am not suggesting that they all enjoyed ideal governments or decent social conditions; far from it. But social conditions cannot be improved by the defiance of nature, producing overgrown cities, inflation, the undermining of the real primary industries, amateurish running of public utilities. So I find it difficult to subscribe unconditionally to Mr. Camacho's conclusion to the first talk, that 'Latin-America is the land of the future'. It could be; but on condition of a change of outlook and more objective, far-sighted policies.—*Third Programme*

Prospect of Britain—V

The Profit of Labour

By CHRISTOPHER SALMON

'THERE'S a crisis in the engine-room'. So I heard a schoolmaster, recently, explain our economic situation to a senior form. 'The passengers don't hear much about it, and if they hear it, they don't take it in. For the ship is quite steady. The meals are served. The day's run is posted up, every twenty-four hours, on the bulletin board. But reports reach the bridge from the wireless room that a hurricane is about, which would damage the ship if it caught her without more power of steam than she's running with at present. For safety we need to raise the pressure in the boilers, and quickly, too. Don't take the abolition of rationing and the removal of controls', he said, 'as a sign that the situation is easing, they are one more effort to raise the steam. Industry is the engine-room, the wireless operators are the economic statisticians, the hurricane would be bankruptcy, no longer a matter for the budget, not the rich any longer getting poorer while the rest rub along, but collapse of our credit abroad, where the debt is real, and the water coming in on top of us all'.

A Crisis in Society

I thought his image was a neat one, and yet that it did not fit. His ship was the old ship of state, but the crisis is a crisis in society, and not political at all. Society does not carry a captain, officers, a crew, and then passengers. Any authority in society is personal. We do not wear uniforms. Opinion is the only sanction we use; unless we hand over to government. And that may not help either, for if the issue is really a social one it depends on will. We may ask government to issue orders to industry, but no government can force men to work. It is like the person in the body. You may give him a jerk or two with injections of strychnine, but if his trouble is psychological it will not be medicine he needs. And that is what our industrial listlessness is a sign of, a sickness of the social personality, affecting our will to live.

The distinction between physical danger and social sickness is important, and is commonly forgotten. The Ministry of Information thought they were going to have to tell us, in positive social terms, what we were fighting for in 1939. They did not find out in time what that was, but it did not matter, because one will fight an enemy to the limit, just to avoid being killed. You can fight to save your body, but you cannot work for bread alone. Without a purpose, death while the mind still decides it, is preferable to life. And it is the same with society. Societies will starve (as the Indians nearly starved in America) if they have no social reasons for working. The anthropologists know this. Let me give it the normal sound of science in a sentence from Margaret Mead: 'The goods for which individuals will work are culturally determined, and are not a response of the organism to an external, culturally undefined situation, like a scarcity of food'.

So, however severe our economic crisis is, we shall be wise, as a practical people, to drop all talk of images of physical crisis. If we deceive ourselves, we shall not deceive the worker. He is convinced that production is a social question, and I think it only exasperates him when appeals for production are made to his patriotism. And we should be wise, in particular, not to talk about the battle for production and the battle for exports. And this is because to the worker industry seems to have been already too much like a battle in the past. That was what he did not like about competition. It was not tamed. Without rules, competition always seemed to him too much like war. Abroad, he thought, it actually tended towards war, and at home it made for the anti-social. His employer, he could see, might enjoy competition. He could play it like a game, and go to the side lines if his opponents played it too rough. His employer had a house to go back to, and enough to go round even if the firm went out of business. But if the job packed up the worker was finished and had no more means to support his family.

But the worker has more than a personal reason to distrust competition. He recognises that competition easily distorts the native influence of work. Work, he thinks, is the social exercise, its means of health, its life. Work develops society and heals the rifts. And society not only forbids and excludes fighting, it changes the nature of the man. In the place of the creature grasping to itself, it puts the cooperator, the sharer, for whom self-preservation is no longer law. But, thinks the worker, we have admitted division into society and have largely excluded the worker from it with his great gift which was to make all things whole. But this is to anticipate. Meanwhile, if we want images to stimulate production, we might take them from housekeeping. For, essentially, the British wage-earner thinks of economics in the familiar old Greek style, as housekeeping. Only, he thinks, the housekeeping has been very unskilful, with so much of the house left bare.

Give a dog a bad name, and we know we must take the consequence. We gave work in industry a bad name even while people were still working hard. We managed to explain it socially. Farm work, like gardening, has never, anywhere, needed explaining. It is immediately satisfying to grow things and afterwards to eat them with your family. But work on the machine is generally not immediately satisfying, and so may need explaining and justifying. In America, however, it never did. In America, work on the machine was always as obviously useful as work on the farm. And indeed, except on the east coast, and in the south, farming itself became an industry, and farm work was mechanised. The machine was socially satisfactory in America from the start, because, except in the slave states, labour was the scarcest element in the processes of production. Labour-saving was everywhere the crying need, and everywhere, in town and country alike, the machine saved it and made social life possible. When you invented a machine, or bought a machine, or worked on it in America, everyone knew that you were making a contribution to society.

But how different all this was in Britain! In Britain there was already in existence an established society which machinery threatened to disrupt. The established society resisted the machine; and in the industrial worker himself there was something, from the start, besides his private fears, which resisted it too, for he also had been a member of the old society. Here, then, was a problem. If we were to remain whole and healthy we had either to get rid of the machine or rid ourselves of our resistance to it. We did neither. We wanted the machine for its wealth. But we still did not want to have anything to do with its values. But, of course, the old social values could not go on being of use to the people who worked the machines. Those values had not been made for machinery, and they did not fit it. As a man works, so must he live. The machines multiplied and the men and their families multiplied who worked them, but established society found no room for them. So the men and their families had to develop their own rather meagre circulation among themselves. It was not enough to nourish a society, but only a fellowship of occupation. Like an undergrown Siamese twin, or even like a growth suspected of malignancy, the industrial complex remained externally attached but with no living connection with the social body. No blood passed through the cord between the two organisms, but only money.

No Ideal of Speed

One would hardly have thought it was possible. Physically the machine altered the face of the country, but morally it made no difference. It was like a man looking in a mirror who does not see that his hair is white. John Bull was to go on thinking of himself in the terms he was fond of. And this has been one of the reasons why, although British industry was internationally important, we have never, like the Americans, made an ideal of speed. There we still were, in our breeches, with our bulldog, pipe in mouth, leaning on the gate, sometimes standing and thinking, and sometimes just standing. We did not want to mug at it all day long, as if we were Germans and Japanese, or even to throw red-hot rivets about, building skyscrapers like the Americans. Why work on Oxford Circus, or the Haymarket, at night? Let the traffic wait in the morning. I think we should not forget our social proclivities when we press overtime and double-shifts on industry. But whatever John Bull thought and did to his own satisfaction in the country, they were working hard in the industrial towns. Everyone worked very hard in British industry all through the nineteenth century, but this does not falsify the argument. The employer worked hard, because if he grew rich enough he could leave the industrial complex and force his way into the established society. Once there, he lived in it and only came down to the office to work. It was not only a question of the amenities. Society changed him. He became cultured: at least, his children did. That is what society does. It refines a man and teaches him to talk and to read, to like the arts and to become upright and serve the values of tradition. By the end of the nineteenth century it had become respectable for people who already had their places in the established society to come across to the industrial complex to work, holding their noses if they had to, but picking up money by which they could live more agreeably when they got home in the evenings and at week-ends.

When Wage-earners Did Not Need Money

But the wage-earners could never make enough money to get away. In the old society, before they had left it, they had not needed money. I knew an old gentleman in the Cotswolds who was seventy in 1939. His father had brought him up with twenty-three brothers and sisters, all by one mother, in a rent-free cottage on £1 a week, as estate-carpenter, with venison for bounty twice a year, and nothing besides: and a very happy family it was, the old gentleman told me. But, once in the industrial complex, there was no getting back to the established society without money. And that was what the workers had not got. So they did the best they could in their single-ends, and in the mile after mile of their back to backs, with the fellowship of their mates. And, considering the little they had to do it on—being all wage-earners huddled together, lacking the other elements out of which a society has to be made, and lacking the physical amenities, too, in the dreadful towns—they made their fellowship go wonderfully far. But Disraeli's two worlds grew up within a single country: the one, for a long time, still a world of light, prolonging the past; and the other, largely a world where, in the darkness, fellowship made up to them all it could for the want of society.

There it was, then. During the nineteenth century the industrial employer worked hard for social reasons which were no part of the industrial complex, and the wage-earner worked hard, not for social reasons at all, but to avoid starvation and the work-house. Sometimes he worked hard for eighteen hours a day, as we know, and the women and children worked hard too, and often in quite inhuman conditions. Circumstances improved as the wage-earners banded together, and grew stronger, and as other people, who learned about them, began to represent them. But the industrial complex was never absorbed by the main social body, which went on with the functions and rhythm of its old metabolism as if the new industrial processes needed to make no difference. One of the consequences of this was, that it was always to politics, instead of to his work, that the wage-earner had to turn in the interest of his social ambitions.

Another consequence, no less damaging, was the recurrence in British society of a mistaken and corrupting theory of work. This theory gives the lie to every worker's deepest conviction. It assumes that work is an evil, a natural evil, Adam's curse: man does not wish to work, but is forced to; for if he does not work he will starve. But this can become a true theory if society so chooses. It is not difficult to prevent people from wanting to work. The institution of slavery will do this at any time by making work despicable. Hard conditions and low pay will go some way to it too. But even without these a society can do it by refusing to accept the values which belong to a particular kind of work, and the kind of organisation which goes with the work. This is fatal, because any kind of work which is not immediately satisfying needs to be made socially satisfying—that is, if society wants the work to be done. And to make work socially satisfying is not really a matter of money: it is a matter of social status. One of the great triumphs of medieval Christendom was to make all work everywhere socially satisfying. But medieval Christendom did not have to deal with the machine. Anyway, we allowed the Industrial Revolution to bring back to Europe the old slave theory of work. Now it is even current in America, where of all the industrial countries there is the least reason for it. The really important fact about American society is commonly ignored: that, by and large, it is not money, or need, but the pleasure Americans take in social activity which makes them work. But there are as many Americans as English who misunderstand the nature of society, and praise what they like for the wrong reasons. Moreover, these people sharpen their theory at present as a weapon against social welfare which they distrust.

Man must work or starve, then, according to the theory, but in society no particular man need starve. Some people may be supported; the old, for instance, or women and children. They may be supported by their families, or by their friends, or by the state. Nonetheless, all support of the idle is dangerous, and the less personal the obligation to do it is, the more dangerous it becomes. A society becomes decadent which nurses among its members the illusion of natural plenty. But, if work is an evil, is not leisure a good? Yes, but everyone who can should be made to work, for, while the threat of starvation can be held back, it can never be removed. In Britain, Americans think, we were always inclined to allow too much to inheritance, and prize leisure too high. But now, in passing from privilege to welfare, we have jumped, they think, from the pan into the fire. We have removed the only incentives, they say, on which an industrialised society can rely, the push and the pull. No one starves in America, because everybody works. Competition, comparison, and an equal chance provide the atmosphere. Every American wants what the successful American gets, so each man pushes on the spokes and the wheel goes round. Here, they think, we are nourishing dreams, we have forgotten the human predicament. We have rearranged the passengers, we have diminished the prizes, we have cushioned the bumps. The cart does not travel, and somewhere behind us starvation moves up.

It was true in Britain in the nineteenth century that the work done in industry was due to the push and the pull. But that was because there was no social reason integral to industry to make work a pleasure. Even the pull was external, an attraction to the old established society which had never let industry and industrial values in. But the time came, in our own day, when seeing what life was like in the mining areas, for instance, or in the great conurbations, and recognising how corrupted the old social body had become with wealth pouring into it which carried no obligations, we decided, ourselves, that we did not approve of the extrinsic reasons for which people were working inside the industrial complex. We decided that we did not approve of the push and we did not approve of the incentives. We did not approve of people working in industry in order to get rich and spend money outside it, and we did not approve of people being forced to work, and remain in the complex in order to avoid destitution. So, with Lloyd George's budget of 1910, we set out to abolish both influences, the compulsion and the attraction. And the fact is that, since 1910, people have all the time been steadily less and less forced, and less and less tempted, to work in industry. This means that a kind of work which had never been given a social explanation cries out, in our own day, to be socially justified.

Can we do this? And how? Only if we decide to give work in industry a real social significance. This will mean breaking down the narrow circulation of the industrial complex, and arranging for one circulation to flow through the whole of society. The Americans say we can do this by copying them. And it is true that industrial production is the very heart of their society. But if we were to copy them we should have to go back on so much that is British in us, and on so much that is British in the industrial worker. We should have to restore the competitive market, we should have to abolish not only what remains of privilege but also most of the differences in our social neighbourhoods and outlooks. We should have to trust that our appetite for material goods would grow with what it fed on. We should have to alter our estimate of leisure as the motor-cars and the television sets rolled off the line. It does not seem to me to be possible.

Improvements in Status

If one did not know this from talking to industrial workers, one would guess it from seeing how little effect piece-rates and overtime-rates and bonus incentives have had by themselves. What is helping, everywhere, wherever they are tried, are improvements made by management in the status of the worker. The British industrial worker does not want to grow very rich, to move, to climb. A mobile society in the American tradition is not his ideal. He is not middle-class. He may move, if that is the only way he can get a house, but whether we, the social outsiders to him, approve of it or not, he likes the town he was born and brought up in, and his own particular neighbourhood at that, and he would rather stay there, and spend the money on making that decent. What he does want is a change in his social status, and the fullness of the social life that the rest of us have had.

This we must give him. We must make it obvious to him that his work counts in society and not only nationally. Society must open itself to receive the industrial experience. Social values will be changed in the process, but where or how much, or what effect this will have on social structure, we cannot yet foresee. To me it does seem that redistribution of income, and the welfare state, are means we have used to destroy a state of affairs we had grown to dislike: and that they are not in themselves the fabric of the new society we are going to establish.

Where is our inspiration to come from as we build it? In part, no doubt, we can find it in what is abiding in our own past, but the rest of it, the new essential element, must come from the heart of the industrial workers' experience. We left him alone in the industrial complex to find new ideals for himself or perish spiritually. He found them in his fellowship with his mates. What do they amount to? Not to a vision of the new society. How could he see as far? Not even to a definite view of what should be done in the factory to increase production. How should they, since his was not the responsibility for management? None the less, they amount to a theory of work which society can take over. It will be on this theory, I believe, that the new society will be founded.—*Third Programme*

Law in Action

The Liability of Hospitals for Negligence

By C. J. HAMSON

THE number of actions for negligence against doctors and dentists—particularly those working in hospitals—has recently increased[*]. Does that mean that doctors have recently become much more negligent? I do not think so. Indeed, I am inclined to believe the opposite. The increase is due to many causes, such as free legal aid and the change in the relationship between doctor and patient which results from the National Health Service. Moreover, members of the public, particularly as employees, have become accustomed to recover large damages for negligence from industrial concerns in cases where the default appears to the layman to be of an exceedingly minor sort; and surely a hospital ought not to be run much more carelessly than a factory? But—more immediately important for our purposes—there has been, as I think, a change in the notion of the duty owed by a hospital, and largely because of this change it is now easier to prove that breach of duty which enables a plaintiff to succeed.

To take first this question of proof. Even in a hospital case it is sometimes clear both what has gone wrong and who is responsible for the wrong action. As for example in the case of *Jones* v. *Manchester Corporation and others*[†] which now is on appeal to the House of Lords. What happened there was this. The plaintiff's husband had suffered a comparatively minor burn on the face. He took himself to hospital to have it attended to. He was seen by the house-surgeon, assisted by a very recently qualified young woman. They decided to give him a minor anaesthetic—gas, as the layman would say—in order to clean up his face. That was a miscalculation; because gas needs a mask, and the mask, as they found when they started on the job, covered the part of the face they wished to treat. But the patient being on the table and unconscious, they thought they had better get along with the business. So they discontinued the gas, took off the mask, and without allowing the patient to recover consciousness, they gave him another anaesthetic, pentothal, which is administered by injection. That was not merely a miscalculation: it is highly dangerous to administer pentothal to an unconscious patient; and in fact this patient, who had just come into hospital quite hale and hearty, died upon the table as soon as the injection had been successfully completed.

That kind of case is relatively clear. All the judges were agreed (despite expert evidence to the contrary) that there had been negligence—the appeal is concerned with a subsidiary point which I cannot here discuss. In this type of case, the individual responsibility of one or more determinate persons is established fairly easily.

Fortunately, perhaps, the negligence in hospital cases is not usually so self-evident, though *Jones' case* is by no means entirely singular. More usually in a hospital case it is not known what has been done wrong by whom, if indeed anything has been done wrong at all: all that is known is that the end-product is unexpected and unfortunate—the patient is simply dead or maimed.

Now if each of the individuals at the hospital (the doctor, the nurse, and all the other categories) is responsible only for his or her own fault, and if the hospital is liable only if an individual who happens to be its servant is responsible—in such a case the plaintiff is going to be in serious difficulties. He must bring home to the individual, individual responsibility for the damage caused. In an action against any one individual he will be met by the defence not only that that individual evidently did nothing really blameworthy, but that another individual very probably did or might have done. Nor is it easy for the plaintiff to sue all the individuals concerned together, when the evidence in favour of one may be evidence against the other—because before action brought he would often not know who they were. And even if he succeeds in suing all together, the resulting mass of conflicting evidence as to individual responsibility is calculated to bewilder a jury and even a judge. If in a normal hospital case the plaintiff, to succeed, must pinpoint the culpable individual and prove his causative culpability, the plaintiff will find it difficult to succeed.

If, on the other hand, the plaintiff can treat the hospital as a closed system, as a factory in which a process is taking place, if responsibility for that process as an entirety vests in the factory occupier, the hospital managers, then all the plaintiff has to show is that something has gone wrong somewhere in the process—that the process properly conducted would not have resulted as it has. He no longer cares whether it is precisely the radiologist, the pharmacist, the nurse, the physician, the surgeon, or even the plumber or the cook, who has gone wrong. It is enough that it must be either A *or* B *or* C, provided that the hospital managers are responsible for all defaults of A *and* B *and* C. And, moreover, when the argument is lifted to the apparently more scientific plane and is about the process as a whole, individual doctors find it easier to say that something must have gone wrong; for then they feel themselves to be speaking about their science (of which they tend to think well) and not about the culpable lapse of any one personal colleague, which is obviously an awkward matter.

The proper conduct of the process is I think a critical notion. It is the equivalent of the 'safe system of work' formula which produced a revolution in the case of industrial injuries. A dramatic difference results from such a shift in the approach—from culpable individual fault to error or impropriety in the process. That is well illustrated by another recent case: *Cassidy* v. *Ministry of Health*[‡], decided in 1951. There, a labourer suffered from a contraction of the third and fourth fingers of his left hand. The general practitioner diagnosed Dupuytren's contraction and sent him to hospital for treatment. The assistant medical officer at the hospital confirmed the diagnosis and operated. After the operation it is necessary to keep the patient's hand and lower arm rigid in a splint for about a fortnight. The plaintiff's arm was so kept, and he remained in hospital throughout the fortnight. During the fortnight the plaintiff kept on complaining of intense pain to the nurses, to the house surgeon, and to the assistant medical officer. He was told in effect not to make a fuss (male patients are notoriously much worse than female), and nothing was done about it. At the end of the fortnight, when the splint was removed, all four fingers, instead of merely the original two, were found to be permanently and irremediably useless.

Perhaps something had gone wrong with the operation. Much more probably the plaster had been wrongly applied. And perhaps the house surgeon should have done something about the plaintiff's complaint of pain. But approach the question in the classical way, asking which individual, if any, had behaved really culpably, and the answer is not evident. At any rate in an action for negligence the trial judge entered judgment for the defendant, the hospital, on the ground that the plaintiff had failed to prove negligence on the part of any particular member of the hospital staff.

(*continued on page* 1004)

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[*] See Medical Protection Society, *Sixty-first Report*, September, 1953, page 6

[†] [1952] 2 Q.B. 852 C.A., Hodson L. J. dissenting

[‡] [1951] 2 K.B. 343

NEWS DIARY

December 2–8

Wednesday, December 2

Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden arrive in Bermuda for three-power conference

More than 1,000 000 engineering and shipbuilding workers take part in one-day token strike

Commons debate Government's decision to depose the Kabaka of Buganda

Thursday, December 3

French ministers arrive in Bermuda and have informal talks with British representatives

U.N. General Assembly expresses grave concern at reports of communist atrocities in Korea

Labour Party hold North Paddington by over 2,000 votes in by-election

Friday, December 4

Three-power conference opens officially in Bermuda

Oil is found in Western Australia

Commons give second reading to bill to increase amounts that can be paid to jurors and to a bill amending the law on protection of wild birds

Adult male railway workers are awarded an increase in wages of four shillings a week

Saturday, December 5

It is announced that the United Kingdom and Persia have resumed diplomatic relations and will negotiate a settlement of the oil dispute as soon as possible

India proposes that the U.N. General Assembly shall meet in February to discuss Korea

Sunday, December 6

In Bermuda the three Foreign Ministers decide on a reply to Russia's recent note

Italy and Yugoslavia agree to withdraw simultaneously troops deployed along their common frontier since the beginning of the dispute about Trieste

Hundreds of persons injured or rendered homeless by a tornado in Mississippi

British frigate captures pirate ship and crew off Aden

Monday, December 7

Dr. Adenauer approves Western Powers' reply to Soviet Russia on proposed four-power conference

Mr. Lyttelton defends Government's policy in British Guiana

Anti-British demonstrations occur at Teheran University

Tuesday, December 8

Three Western Powers publish *communiqué* about decisions reached at Bermuda conference

Western reply to Soviet Note is received in Moscow

President Eisenhower addresses U.N. General Assembly

The Royal Tour of the Commonwealth: *Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Colonel José Remon, President of Panama, driving through the streets of Colon,* when she and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the republic on November 29 before starting on their 7,000-mile voyage across the Pacific to the Fiji Islands, where they are due on December 17

Lincoln heavy bombers attacking Mau Mau h
the Aberdare Mountains

A geologist taking a sample from the first oil to gush from the newly tapped well at Exmouth Gulf, Western Australia, on December 4. It is the first time that oil has been found in commercial quantities in the country. Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, said that if the reports on the discovery proved correct, it would be very important for Australia's internal economy and international finances

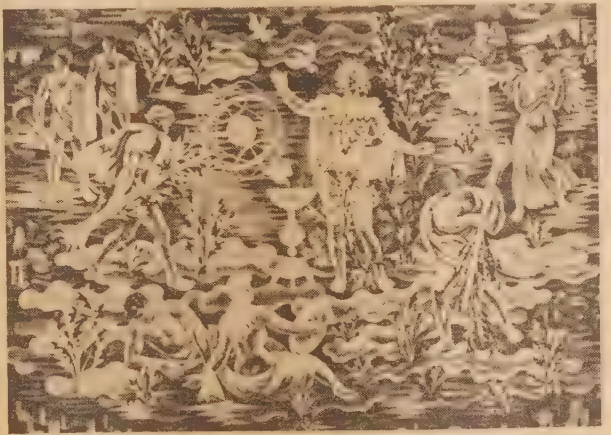
Right: *the British cable-laying ship 'Monarch'* which will lay the first cables in the scheme announced last week for an underwater telephone system across the Atlantic. The work, which starts in 1955, will cost £12,500,000

M. Joseph Laniel, Prime Minister of France, President Eisenhower of the United States, and Sir Winston Churchill photographed outside the Mid-Ocean Club, Bermuda, where the three-power conference was held last week. A *communiqué* at the end of the conference was published on December 8

The Kabaka of Buganda (a province of Uganda) *with Mr. Oliver Lyttelton,* the Colonial Secretary, in London on December 2. The African ruler was deposed last week owing to his declared opposition to British Government policy

A lunch-time scene in the Embankment Gardens, London, last week as spring-like weather continued in the south of England with temperatures up to sixty degrees

the thickly forested country of
last week



The winning design (by Peter Kolfs of Antwerp) in a competition organised by the Belgian Government for *a tapestry depicting the United Nations allegorically.* Before it is presented to the United Nations the tapestry will be exhibited at Malines, Belgium, until January 31

Sorting Christmas trees at a Surrey nursery last week

Left: Mr. Harold Macmillan, Minister of Housing, with representatives of south coast resorts, watching *a demonstration at Brighton* early this week *of equipment being used in the campaign against the plague of seaweed flies* that is affecting beaches over an area of about forty miles

(*continued from page* 1001)

On appeal the judgment was reversed. If the Court of Appeal had reversed the judgment simply because they took a different view of the weight of the evidence, the case would have been of interest only to the parties. But the Court in fact did something rather different. First, they held that the hospital was liable for the possible defaults of all the persons concerned—for the assistant medical officer and the house surgeon as well as the nursing staff. They were all of them the hospital's servants. That in itself was a slight advance, perhaps, so far as the assistant medical officer is concerned. Secondly, the Court held that therefore a *prima facie* case of negligence had been established against, if you like, the hospital taken as a whole, upon proof simply of the resulting injury to the hand: upon the ground that the operation and treatment, if properly conducted, would not result in the destruction of the hand, or so the books state. Of course, said the Court, in a proper case the hospital might rebut the *prima facie* case by showing how and why (without negligence on the part of their servants) the hand had been destroyed; but quite certainly in our case the hospital had not done that. In these circumstances, as one of the judges expressly said, 'it is not necessary for the plaintiff to establish precisely which individual employee was negligent'. Please note that word 'employee': it is an operative word.

Reversing the Burden of Proof

What is critical is that by holding the hospital managers to be in control of the treatment as a whole ('control' is another operative word), the Court of Appeal has in effect reversed the burden of proof: in effect, because that is not technically a correct statement. In circumstances such as these it will now be more for the hospital to show (if it can) how the damage could have happened in spite of proper medical attention than for the plaintiff to prove who in particular has behaved culpably.

Cassidy's case is important because it crystallises an element already implicit in the previous cases—the tendency to think of a hospital as a closed system for which as a whole the hospital managers are responsible. On the minimum view of *Cassidy's case*, there is an increase in the number of persons (usually called servants for this purpose) for whose defaults the hospital managers are responsible. There is a general tendency, not limited to hospitals, thus to increase the liability of undertakings. It results from *Cassidy's case* even on the minimum view that all, or nearly all, persons working in a hospital for a whole time or part time salary or for wages will in this sense be considered the servants of the hospital, whatever their economic status or professional independence. And even that by itself means that plaintiffs will find it easier than in the past successfully to sue hospitals. But by increasing the number of persons for whom the hospital managers are responsible, we almost necessarily do something in addition to widening the area within which their liability is effective. We almost necessarily change the nature of the default for which they are responsible. This is especially so if, with Lord Justice Denning in *Cassidy's case*, we think of the hospital managers as themselves assuming a duty towards the patient accepted into hospital, and if, with him, we describe a failure to treat the patient adequately as the personal default of the managers.

The hospital managers are a remote committee with which the patient never comes into personal contact. Indeed, the committee is wholly depersonalised when considered as a committee of management. If the law becomes concerned with and speaks of the personal default of the committee, it is not only using language in a sense strange to the layman, though the sense may be a well-defined technical sense: it is changing its point of view. It does not mean that the committee member Mr. A or Mr. B or Mr. C has himself behaved in a careless or wicked way; what is meant is that these people are treated as the representatives of an organisation and that the organisation through which they discharge the functions allotted to them has failed to attain in a particular case the requisite standard of performance—in spite, it may be, of the utmost personal diligence of the same A and B and C.

When we start thinking in terms of the failure of an organisation to attain a requisite standard of performance, we tend to lose interest in the question whether a particular nurse was trying to do her best or whether a particular house surgeon was grossly overworked. The standard of due performance by an organisation is itself an impersonal thing; and it is by this impersonal standard that we measure the actual performance, no longer now of individual men and women but of what has become the component parts of the organisation. Instead of the old question, 'Did X behave in a way which may fairly be called culpable?', the question now tending to be asked is increasingly, as it seems to me, 'Did the organisation through its representatives discharge in respect of this patient the function it professed to discharge?'

When Tom Jones used to go along to see what Dr. Smith could do for him, the personal element was prominent enough even though Dr. Smith was a professional man and was by his profession bound to exercise a reasonable skill. The jury would have a good deal of sympathy for Dr. Smith. If he had been reasonably on the job, if he had paid reasonable attention to the matter in hand by making a reasonable examination of the patient and nevertheless had made a mistake, then, if the mistake was not wanton or too gross the jury would hesitate before finding that Dr. Smith was culpable. I think a jury would still have some sympathy for Dr. Smith in his surgery, though even Dr. Smith is losing his personal character and is becoming the representative of the National Health Service. The representative of the National Health Service is judged more strictly than is Dr. Smith; and that is not wholly unreasonable—you would tend to do that yourself, even though these two persons are physically one and the same.

Whatever may be the case still with Dr. Smith in his surgery, if Tom Jones today goes or is sent to hospital the situation is very different. Dr. Smith in hospital has put on ritual vestments; he holds himself out as the adept of the mysteries of medicine, and indeed claims special privileges for himself in his new role. I think the doctors themselves are mainly responsible for the change. But whether it is the doctor's fault or not, when Tom Jones goes into hospital today he does not go to see what Dr. Smith can do for him. He delivers his body over to the control of the medical profession. He literally bails his body to an institution—a state institution at that—which professes to apply to that body as to a thing, a process, a scientific method for which rather considerable claims have been made. If the body whilst in that control and whilst subject to that process suffers considerable deterioration, it is not unreasonable, I think, that the institution should be put to its answer.

When an institution thus takes charge of human bodies and professes to apply to them a scientific treatment, it should not be surprised to find that a fairly strict duty arises. In imposing a stricter duty the Courts are merely recognising the change in the situation which has actually occurred—it is not they who have engineered the change. Some doctors will be aggrieved at my using with reference to hospitals the analogy of a factory in which they are employed and in which a process is conducted. The analogy is admittedly not elegant. All that I suggest is that the analogy seems increasingly to fit the situation as it is.

An Unreal Situation?

Even more doctors will protest that the situation has been created against their will and is unreal. It may well be that the medical art can do remarkable things. But the application of that art to the patient is severely limited by considerations wholly foreign to the art, by purely material circumstances. A patient does not come into contact with the medical art as such, he comes into contact with a particular hospital which in all probability operates with insufficient staff and insufficient equipment under circumstances often of extreme difficulty. The normal hospital as at present constituted physically cannot show towards each of the crowd of patients pouring in upon it that skill and care which the medical art, considering the patient individually, might specify as appropriate for that patient. But if we penalise a hospital for failing to attain that standard, are we not saying that it *should* attain that standard, and does not 'should' for most people in this context imply that the hospital *could* attain it, at least if it showed consummate diligence? Is not the law encouraging an unreal view of the facts—though maybe it is a pious fraud—when it penalises a hospital for failing to attain a standard which it cannot attain? And is it not socially very dangerous to encourage even pious fraud? Or should it be argued on the contrary that by penalising a hospital for failing to attain in the particular case a standard which it may be exceedingly difficult or even impossible to attain in all cases, the law helps to promote the habitual attainment of a somewhat higher standard of practice, as has undoubtedly been the result of the 'safe system of work' formula in factories?

I do not seek to resolve questions of that order. The observation which a lawyer may properly make is only this: that the law as regards hospitals seems to be changing; that this change is connected with a change in the conception of the function and duty of hospitals; and that such changes have large and important social implications which are only partially and incidentally reflected in the law.

—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Paul Klee

Sir,—Can it be that Mr. David Sylvester in his article about Paul Klee has been supplied with the wrong reproduction to illustrate his thesis? He claims that it is impossible to see certain of Klee's drawings as a whole, and that, lacking a focal point, the eye is continually deflected from place to place. The drawing in question, unlike many others of Klee, has a very clear focal point in the three overlapping diamond shapes about the centre of the page, and, if it is really the work to which he refers, it is curious that Mr. Sylvester has not noticed this. Moreover, if he will look a little more closely all the other signs and marks belong to a system of perspective by which the eye is continually being led back to this very focal point (which incidentally is also the vanishing point).

Further on he claims that what unity there is in Klee's art can be deduced from the fact that if any part of one of his drawings is covered up, the rest loses its balance. This 'organic unity', as he calls it, is surely present in most types of paintings from Lascaux to the present day. Thus he can hardly claim that 'in achieving this, Klee made a contribution to the language of art whose originality and importance have scarcely been equalled in our time'. Klee was indeed a most original artist, but Mr. Sylvester has not really told us why.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.6 JULIAN TREVELYAN
F. E. MCWILLIAM

'The Homosexual Outlook'

Sir,—In the final paragraph of his review of D. W. Cory's *The Homosexual Outlook* (THE LISTENER, December 3), Mr. Kenneth Walker unfortunately makes several statements which need correction or qualification. He traces the present legal position of the homosexual to an 'ecclesiastical law' of 1533, and says that at the time it was enacted, 'homosexuality was identified with heresy and was treated as a purely religious crime . . .'.

The law of 1533 was not, in fact, ecclesiastical. It was a statute of the realm (25 Henry VIII c. 6) which declared male homosexual practice to be a felony punishable by death. In the Canon Law and the earlier Penitentials homosexual practice is treated not as a 'religious crime' but as a *sin*, commission of which incurred spiritual penalties. Capital punishment could only be inflicted by the civil power.

The statute of 1533, therefore, was ecclesiastical neither in its origin, nor its provisions, nor its manner of enactment. It reflects the criminal legislation of the Theodosian Code (where the death penalty is also imposed) rather than the spiritual regulation of the Canon Law. Incidentally, no law or canon, as far as I know, has ever made homosexuality (*i.e.*, the *condition* of sexual inversion) a punishable offence, though both laws and canons have penalised homosexual *practices*. The distinction is of great importance, and demands precise verbal expression, particularly at a time like the present, when a good deal of confused thinking exists.

Certain heretics, and others, such as the Templars, were accused of homosexual practices, but too much has been made of such imputations, particularly by writers such as Havelock Ellis, Westermarck, and their followers, whose work has often revealed a polemical bias against Christianity or the Church. The theological attitude adopted in the past towards male homosexual practices owed little, if anything, to its supposed heretical associations. In any case, no question of heresy entered into the framing or the wording of the Act of 1533.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 17 SHERWIN BAILEY
Central Lecturer, Church of England
Moral Welfare Council

Rumania in 1953

Sir,—I would like to correct the impression of conditions in Rumania given by both Mme. Popescu and Mr. Norman. The position is completely falsified by translating Rumanian wages and prices into English currency, as the internal value of the lei has no relation to the artificial exchange rate. A correct estimate of conditions can only be obtained by comparing wage rates with prices, and if this is done a completely different picture emerges.

For example, a man working a drill in an engineering works receives per month 600 lei basic rate plus up to 250 lei premium, a fully qualified worker in a clothing factory 800 lei a month on average, a Stakhanovite engineering worker 1,200 lei, and even an apprentice laboratory assistant 550 lei, plus an extra 55-65 lei bonus. Even in pounds this gives much higher figures than Mr. Norman quotes. As for prices, plums cost 1.50 lei a kilo, sugar 9.30 lei a kilo on the free market (the ration price is lower), flour 4 lei a kilo, and so on. The price of basic foodstuffs, especially vegetables and fruit, is low, though confectionery is fairly dear. Clothing varies considerably, woollen articles being fairly dear, the rest much more moderate, while shoes are equivalent to our own in price and quality.

Moreover, when considering the Rumanian standard of living one has to take into account such things as a completely free health service, the low cost of meals in works canteens and schools (1 lei for a three-course meal, which is 8d. at the official exchange rate, but lower in terms of internal prices), and rents, which are approximately one-twentieth of income.

To suggest that the Rumanians were half-starved from the beginning of the year is absurd, as anyone who has visited Rumania and talked with the people will know. There has in fact been a steady improvement in living conditions, which has continued since August with two major price reductions.—Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 20 KEITH WINNARD

Rome and Oxford

Sir,—May I reply briefly to Father O'Donovan? I think it unlikely that Nielsen, Quirinus, and three French newspapers would combine to invent for Pius a statement he never made; even less likely that Nielsen would quote Pius as having said in 1869 something attributed to him by the press in 1866. Father O'Donovan is some years out. Nielsen was referring to the Allocution of December 2, 1869, given in the Sistine Chapel. (The full Latin text is in Pomponio Leto's *Eight Months in Rome* (1876) page 296.) It is a milk-and-water statement compared with some of Pius' later pretensions, but Nielsen was not the only one to interpret it as he did. *The Times* correspondent in Rome wrote of it at the time: 'He (the Pope) spoke of all the tribulation he had to suffer for Christ . . . the burden of everything was thrown upon him, and he looked for comfort where he could. In these trials and afflictions he naturally identified himself with his Master'. The correspondent of *The Times* added: 'It remains to be seen whether even the Catholic world will carry its sympathy to the extent of sacrificing all its convictions, and abandoning the use of reason, for his sake'.

If my description of the Immaculate Conception was 'meaningless', then the alternative hypothesis—that the taint of original sin was not at the moment of conception passed to the child—is, to me, something even more meaningless since it is something that must in the nature of things forever remain a bare assertion. Twentieth-century statements about nineteenth-century statements about seventeenth-century superstitions about the intimate life of a woman who lived nearly 2,000 years ago are, with respect and reverence, a compound of arrogance and credulity that the humble controversialist must, for the sake of his self-respect, decline to follow.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.5 R. FURNEAUX JORDAN

Memories of 1914

Sir,—I was very interested in your excerpt in THE LISTENER of December 3 relating to the old Army, and I could not help wondering how many people alive today could give the exact date when the British Air Force went into action for the first time in history. I have listened to the argument many times but I have never as yet heard the correct answer. As I am one of the very few alive today who saw this historic event I will name the exact date: it was on December 15, 1899, at the Battle of Colenso. They remained in the air for about nine hours and the enemy fired at them with everything they had, from a forty-pound shell to a rifle bullet. They eventually returned to base with only a few shrapnel holes in the fabric.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford A. TIDMARSH
(Ex-Sapper) R.E. Signals

The Inventor of the Hansom Cab

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of November 12 I notice an interesting note on Hansom, the 150th anniversary of whose birth falls this year. May I comment on the sentence: 'Shortage of money made him withdraw from the scheme, and although *The Builder* became the leading trade journal, all that Hansom received was a small sum from the publishers'. While this is strictly accurate, the inference which may be drawn that the publishers dealt less than generously with Hansom would be incorrect, for the newspaper did not become a profitable journal until ten years afterwards.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2 IAN M. LESLIE,
Editor, *The Builder*

A Problem of Faith and Loyalties

Sir,—In the talk 'A Problem of Faith and Loyalties', printed in THE LISTENER of December 3, reference is made to the famous French novel, *Les Saints Vont En Enfer*, by Gilbert Cesbron. It may interest your readers to know that this novel is now available in an English translation published by my firm under the title *Saints in Hell*.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1 DAVID FARRER
Director,
Martin Secker and Warburg, Ltd.

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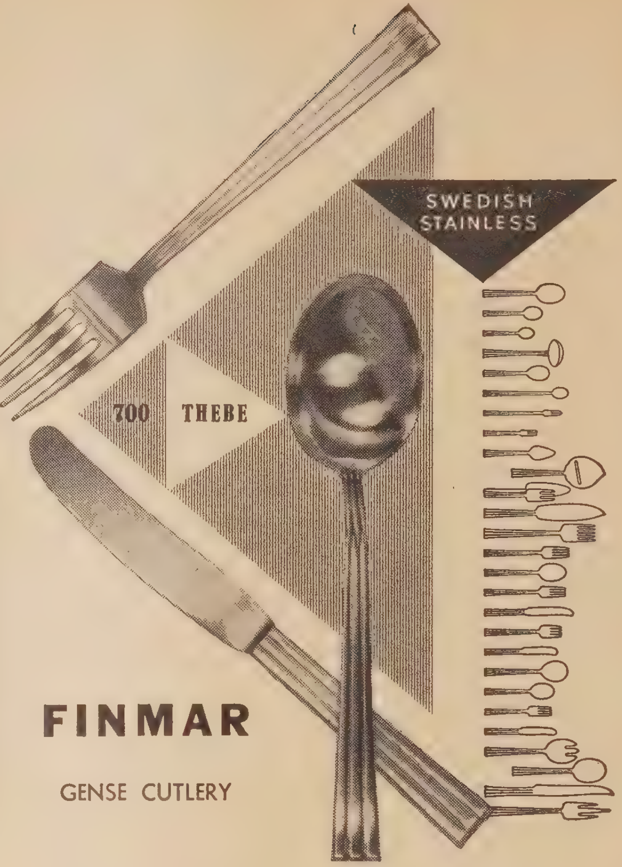

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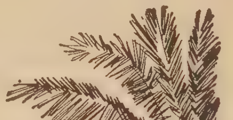

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The Perfect Translator of Rabelais

SYDNEY GOODSIR SMITH on Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromartie

NINETEEN-hundred-and-fifty-three is a double anniversary of one of the great books of all time: 400 years ago François Rabelais shuffled off this mortal coil, and exactly a century later, in 1653, Sir Thomas Urquhart published his glorious translation of the first and second Books of *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. A great book had found the perfect, the unique translator—a veritable Extractor of the Quintessence—one that has never been and never can be bettered or even equalled. As Charles Whibley has well said: 'It can hardly be called a translation at all, rather is it a reincarnation of Rabelais. Surely it is an original that you hold in your hand'. Rabelais himself has been well dealt with in this anniversary year, and I should like to say something in commendation of his splendid and eccentric transliterator in whose debt are all those Pantagruelians, 'noble and illustrious drinkers' and 'thrice precious pockified blades', to whom the monster-piece was dedicate but who have too little French to be able to read Maister François in the original.

Sir Thomas Urquhart: an engraving of 1641 by George Glover

The Scottish character is an entaiglement of contradictions; but whether it is dour or impassioned, mean or extravagant, Presbyterian or Cavalier, it is always very definitely so: black or white, or black *and* white mixtie-maxtie, but seldom grey. It dislikes compromise and seems to love extremes. This *praefervidum ingenium Scotorum* has nowhen or where been more apparent than in the amiable, peppery and extraordinary personage—'that most fantastical of Scotsmen', as he has been called—who is said to have died of laughter upon hearing in exile of the Restoration of Charles II. The anonymous chronicler does not say whether the laughter was of joy or irony—we may take our pick; but he does say it was 'excessive', which in the circumstances is true enough. When Sir Thomas Urquhart is remembered at all by literary historians (which is seldom) he is remembered for his translations—'without rival in profane letters', as Whibley remarked; but he was the author of other and peculiar works besides, one of which, *The Exquisite Jewel,* entitles him to a much more prominent place in the history of our literature than he has generally received.

Urquhart was born in 1611, presumably in his ancestral hall of Cromartie in Aberdeenshire; he was educated but took no degree at the University of Aberdeen, and then travelled abroad for some years, learning languages, collecting books, and fighting duels for the honour of Scotland—for he was a perfervid patriot like others of his race, besides being a passionate Royalist, an embattled Episcopalian, a crackpot and a genius. He took up arms for Charles I against the Covenanters, was knighted at Whitehall in 1641 and after many adventures was eventually taken prisoner by Cromwell after the shattering defeat of Charles II, Cromwell's 'crowning mercy' at Worcester ten years later. With eleven other Scottish colonels he was lodged in the Tower of London, where he translated the first three books of Rabelais and wrote his peculiar 'other works'. The second book of Rabelais was published in 1653; thereafter there is a gap in our knowledge until 1658, when he wrote from Middleburg, Holland, challenging his cousin Sir John Urquhart to a duel. Two years later he died 'suddenly in a fit of excessive laughter' as the eighteenth-century editor of his tracts announces in his foreword.

During this by no means uneventful career, he published (apart from the Rabelais) a book of dreary epigrams and four extraordinary and curious tracts. In one of these, the *Trissotetras,* published, as the title-page informs us, 'for the benefit of those that are mathematically affected', he attempted (I gather) to square the circle. When the learned Maitland Society were reprinting his words in 1834 they were in doubt as to whether it was worth while doing the *Trissotetras,* and the opinion of the Professor of Mathematics at Edinburgh University was invited. He reported:

> I hardly know what to think of it. The book is not absolute nonsense but is written in a most unintelligible way, and so as never book was written before nor since. I imagine that with some patience the author's plan might be understood, but I doubt if any man would take the trouble.

And there the matter rests: no one has since taken the trouble.

In his next tract, entitled *Pantochronochanon,* he demonstrated the descent of the Urquharts, 'with not one instant being omitted from the beginning of motion', from 'Adam, surnamed the Protoplast', and included among his many notable forebears such figures as 'Penuel, a most intimate friend of Nimrod the mighty hunter', and 'Termuth, the daughter of Pharaoh which found Moses among the bulrushes', and 'Nicolia' who, says the irrepressible Sir Thomas, is 'by many' (note the gracious qualification) 'is by many supposed to have been the Queen of Sheba'!

The third of his tracts sketched his suggestions for a universal language which was to have nouns with eleven cases, eleven genders, four numbers; verbs with ten tenses, seven moods, four voices; twelve parts of speech and, as he explained, 'every word in it hath at least ten several synonymes'. Not only that, but 'every word in this language signifieth as well backward as forward, and however you shall invert the letters, still shall you fall upon significant words'. I wonder, did Joyce ever read this tract? There were to be twenty-five consonants and ten vowels—which Bernard Shaw would have approved.

So far his 'braine-babes', as he called them, were not strictly literary productions; but they are very characteristic of the Quixote-like personality that produced them and was soon to produce the peerless version of Rabelais. But not quite yet. As if in preparation for his masterpiece, his incalculable genius now erupted in a unique and 'most farraginous chronicle'. This is called *The Exquisite Jewel* for short, but its full title, as usual with Sir Thomas, is a masterpiece in little. No one has ever written greater blurbs. This small pamphlet of some 170 pages was intituled:

> EKKUBALAURON, or The Discovery of a most *Exquisite Jewel,* more precious than Diamonds inchased in gold, the like whereof was never seen in any age; found in the kennel of Worcester-streets, the day after the fight, and six before the Autumnal Equinox, anno 1651. Serving in this place to Frontal a VINDICATION of the Honour of SCOTLAND from that Infamy whereinto the Rigid Presbyterian party of that Nation out of their Covetousness and Ambition, most dissembledly hath involved it.
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Taken by and large, this is a most accurate account of the book and of its author. Urquhart's entertaining and reverend Victorian biographer, John Willcock, B.D., finds it difficult to 'place' *The Jewel* in any particular category of letters. He tells us of a certain Scottish professor of divinity, 'of somewhat erratic habits' he says, who began his lecture one day with the words 'Gentlemen, my subject today will be hotch-potch'. 'This', says Willcock, 'is an exact description of *The Jewel*'. Charles Whibley, more exactly, described it as 'the most complicated rhapsody in English prose . . . without its counterpart in any literature'. (Certainly it has no counterpart, but it does belong to a vague collection of esteemed hotch-potches such as *The Anatomy of Melancholy, Tristram Shandy, Sartor Resartus, Don Juan,* and *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle*.)

Plagued with a 'Penury of Pecune'

To describe this fantastic and truly wonderful work would take too long. Suffice it to say that it is a glorification by the not very anonymous 'Christianus Presbyteromastix' of Scotland and of its author, an appeal for his 'enlargement' from captivity so that his great talents might be laid at the service of the common weal, and ferocious attacks on his creditors ('usurious cormorants', he calls them) who lie in wait for him, as he says, 'cannibal-like to swallow him up at a breakfast'. Poor Sir Thomas succeeded to a bankrupt inheritance and was always plagued, like the Scholar of Limoges, with 'a rarity or penury of pecune in the marsupie'. Maybe it is significant that in his translation Sir Thomas makes the poor but polysyllabic scholar an Aberdonian, where Rabelais has him a Provençal.

The high-spot of *The Jewel* is the wonderful account of the Admirable Crichton; but Urquhart delays and prepares the entry of his prodigy by reeling off a long eulogy of famous Scots, soldiers and scholars of the past fifty years, such as the Earl of Bothwell

> whose unparallelled valour in a very short time begun to be so redoubtable that at last he became a terror to all the most desperate duellists and bravos of Europe. . . . The Gasconads of France, Rodomontads of Spain, Fanfaronads of Italy, and Bragadochio brags of all other countries could no more astonish his invincible heart than would the cheeping of a mouse a bear robbed of her whelps.

That is the typical Urquhartian style, a list, a catalogue tricked out with the most fantastical vocabulary at his disposal, and salting the luxury of his polysyllables with the sauce of the vernacular—as he might have said himself. But it does not stink of the lamp, it was a perfectly natural mode of expression to the bold Sir Thomas; his private letters are just the same. And on occasions his very naturalness lapses completely into the vernacular as if he were not writing at all but right in front of us speaking *sui generis*—as in this passage:

> There was another Scottish Colonel that served the King of Spain, whose name is upon my tongue's end, and yet I cannot hit upon it . . . It is strange my memory should so fail me that I cannot remember his title; he was a Lord I know, nay more, he was an earl, aye, that he was, and one of the first of them. Ho now! Peascods on it, Crauford Ludi Lindsay puts me in mind of him; it was the old Earl of Argile, this Marquis of Argile's father; that was he, that was the man.

That sort of passage certainly lends credence to his claim that the whole tract was written, set up, and printed within fourteen days, for he would never have left such spontaneous stuff in had he revised it. There is really nothing I can say about *The Jewel* that could possibly approach simple demonstration by example. Here is Sir Thomas himself describing the preparations in Paris for the Admirable Crichton's public debate with the scholars of the College of Navarre. I should explain that Urquhart's great hero had only just started on his extraordinary career. Arrived in Paris he had challenged all comers to a public debate on any subject, in any or all of twelve languages and in any medium, verse or prose. These sort of gigantic quizzes were a feature of sixteenth-century scholasticism. The year is 1578 and Crichton aged eighteen. Says Urquhart:

> . . . all the choicest and most profound philosophers, mathematicians, naturalists, mediciners, alchymists, apothecaries, surgeons, doctors of both civil and canon law, and divines both for controversies and positive doctrine, together with the primest grammarians, rhetoricians, logicians and others, professors of other arts and disciplines at Paris, plyed their studyes in their private cells for the space of a month exceeding hard, and with huge paines and labour set all their braines awork how to contrive the knurriest arguments and most difficult questions could be devised, thereby to puzzle him in the resolving them, meander him in his answers, put him out of his medium, and drive him to a *non plus* . . . All this while, the Admirable Scot (for so from thence forth he was called), minding more his hawking, hunting, tilting, vaulting, riding of well-managed horses, tossing of the pike, flourishing of colours, throwing of the barr, playing at the tennis, baloon or long catch; and sometimes at the house games of dice, billiards, trou-madam, and other like chamber sports, and, which did most of all divert, or rather distract, him from his speculations and serious employments, being more addicted to, and plying closer the courting of handsome ladyes, and a jovial cup in the company of Bacchanalian blades, than the forecasting how to avoid, shun and escape the snares, gins and nets of the hard, obscure and hidden arguments, riddles and demands to be made, framed and woven by the professors, doctors and others of that thrice-renowned university.

But, of course, for all that, the Admirable Scot bears off the ball. He continues his wanderings, leaving a trail of victories, athletic and scholastic, behind him, until in Mantua he becomes tutor to the young prince, son of the reigning Duke, as the reward for defeating a renowned professional duellist who had already dispatched three in succession of Mantua's champions. Urquhart's description of this is remarkable as is his account of the court and its entertainments, but not as remarkable as the love scene between Crichton and his mistress, which is almost incandescent in its virtuosity. Unfortunately, it is much too long to quote—some day some benefactor of the human spirit must cause *The Jewel* to be reprinted and published in a format as sumptuous as the prose of Sir Thomas. Since the original tract there have been only two reprints, one in the eighteenth and one in the nineteenth century.

Many writers on Urquhart, including both Whibley and Willcock, have declared that he had no sense of humour. Either this is true or else he had his tongue stuck permanently, hard, in his cheek. To me it is certainly most odd that a man devoid of humour should even contemplate translating a roaring boy like the Reverent Rabbles, as Harington the inventor of the water-closet called him. And, even if he did, would he voluntarily add to the fun by such means as extending a list of abusive epithets to forty, from Rabelais' original twenty-eight? On another similar occasion a list of onomatopaeic animal noises he has even more extravagantly expanded from ten to seventy. What does make one doubt sometimes is his terrific facility for not knowing when to stop. This is the true Caledonian excess at work. His jokes like his sentences are inclined to go on and on; he runs them nigh unto death; they become titanic, godlike in their folly. This is another of his aspects that remind one irresistibly of James Joyce as well as his glorious power of word coinage. Though the language he uses is English (mostly, though there is a good deal of Scots mixed in with it), the tradition he writes in, most evident in the flyting passages, is that of Dunbar and Kennedy and Sir David Lyndsay, that followed later by Burns, by Carlyle, and today by MacDiarmid. You will easily recognise the rhythm of this fine and typical passage from Book I of Rabelais:

> After dinner, they all went out in a hurle, to the grove of the willows, where, on the green grass, to the sound of the merry flutes and pleasant bagpipes, they danced so gallantly that it was a sweet and heavenly sport to see them so frolic. Then did they fall upon the chat of victuals, and some belly-furniture to be snatched at in the very same place. Which purpose was no sooner mentioned, but forthwith began flagons to go, gammons to trot, goblets to fly, great bowls to ting, glasses to ring. Draw, reach, fill, mix, give it me without water. So my friend, so, whip me off this glass neatly, bring me hither some claret, a full weeping glass till it run over. Ha, thou false fever, wilt thou not be gone? By my figgins, godmother, I cannot as yet enter in the humour of being merry, nor drink so currently as I would. You have catch'd a cold, gammer? Yea, forsooth, sir. By the belly of Sanct Buff, let us talk of our drink.

'A Very Phoenix'

J. M. Millar in his *Literary History of Scotland* once described Sir Thomas as 'a dungeon of learning'. A nice phrase; not quite right, but a near miss. Some years later, after closer study, he changed his mind and declared him with triumph to be 'in truth a very phoenix, a *rara avis*, a sort of plant that flowers once in a thousand years'; and he would be a base puritanical dunderclunk (say I) and a howling jackass to boot, that would not subscribe to such a verdict. Dr. Mackay Mackenzie (who is another of those who doubt his sense of humour) has added the wise rider that 'It is easy to dub him eccentric or a freak. But that is only to affix a label, like dismissing William Blake . . . as mad'. Would there were more like them!—*Third Programme*

Among recently published new editions are J. M. Whistler's *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* (Heinemann, 21s.) and William Beckford's *Vathek*, translated by Herbert B. Grimsditch (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.)

Art

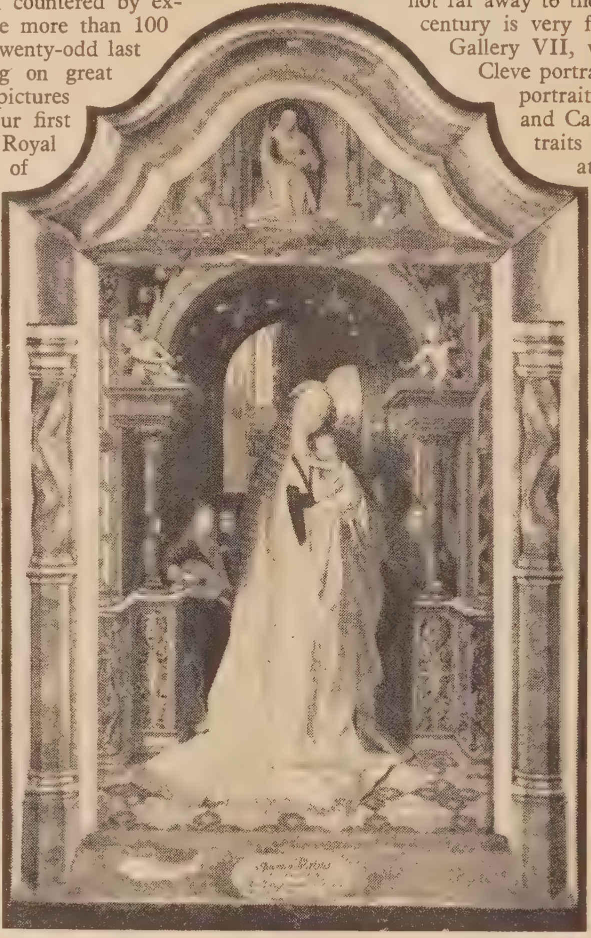
Flemish Painting

By JOHN POPE-HENNESSY

LAST year's Dutch exhibition at Burlington House has been succeeded by an exhibition of Flemish painting in the same galleries. The practical difficulties attending this new exhibition must have been far greater than those offered by the old: not only is Flemish art less fully represented in this country, but minor masters in Flanders, lacking the strong sense of reality of their Dutch counterparts, have tended at all periods to gravitate towards mannerism, and on this account are something of a liability.

The first of these difficulties has been countered by extensive borrowing from abroad (there are more than 100 pictures from foreign sources as against twenty-odd last year), and the second by concentrating on great masters (there are, for example, 149 pictures ascribed to Rubens and Van Dyck). Our first reaction must be one of gratitude to the Royal Academy, without whose enterprise many of these pictures would not have been seen in England and others would never have been publicly exhibited. None the less this is not a satisfactory exhibition. One reason is that the organisers have set their sights too low, and have included, alongside masterpieces, a vast number of superfluous third-rate works. Another is that the exhibition, largely because of its unwieldiness, is quite exceptionally badly hung. Particularly disconcerting is the spectacle of the great gallery filled with Van Dycks, good, bad and indifferent, clean and dirty, jammed frame to frame. Only in the excellent section devoted to illuminated manuscripts are selection and display beyond reproach.

This, then, is not an exhibition for Mr. Faint-Heart, who is deterred by the proliferation of unnecessary paintings, by the chaotic sequence of the rooms, or by the sacking on the walls. But for the persevering visitor it holds rich rewards. As he walks round the first room, he will pass Count Antoine Seilern's splended triptych by the Master of Flémalle (6), the Floreins altarpiece of Memling from Bruges (9), Lord Verulam's fascinating Petrus Christus portrait (14), and the small Rogier van der Weyden *Pietà* from Brussels (15), coming to rest before the most important single painting in the exhibition—that is, Jan van Eyck's marvellously subtle portrait of his wife (19).



The Madonna from Lyons, by Matsys

A little further on he will discover the masterly Memling triptych from Chatsworth (27), flanked by the Memling portraits from Antwerp (26) and the Accademia in Venice (28). On the same wall are the narrative panels by Gerard David from Lockinge (23, 32), which should be examined in conjunction with the wings of the Des Trompes triptych (8, 10) opposite and the pellucid miniatures by the same artist in two volumes from Cambridge and the British Museum (606, 607). The main figure in the second room is Mabuse, represented by a long series of paintings headed by the rococo 'St. Luke painting the Virgin' from Vienna (59). Captain Spencer-Churchill's beautiful 'Madonna' by Dirk Bouts (64) has strayed into this gallery. The large South Room is devoted mainly to artists active in the first half of the sixteenth century, Joos van Cleve, with the Cologne 'Death of Mary' altarpiece (82), Bernard van Orley, Isenbrandt, and Matsys. Not to be overlooked are the ravishing Matsys 'Madonna' from Lyons (91), reproduced here, and the extremely fine 'Portrait of Aegidius' from Longford (94).

Those who wish to continue chronologically round the exhibition must move at this point to Gallery IX, which contains a group of works by Pieter Brueghel the Elder. The best known of these is the visionary 'Fall of Icarus' from Brussels (312). Beside this inspired painting hangs the forbidding allegory of the 'Dulle Griet' (311), shown here in better light than in its home, the Musée Mayer van den Bergh. The vivid imagery of this picture may well distract attention from the entrancingly poetical 'Flight into Egypt' (313), which hangs not far away to the right. The portraiture of the turn of the century is very fully shown. Working backwards through Gallery VII, we meet (why?) the admirable Joos van Cleve portrait from Cassel (236), and two remarkable portraits by Frans Floris from Brunswick (239) and Caen (247), as well as a series of child portraits by Cornelis de Vos. Perhaps the most attractive of these delectable paintings is the 'Standing Boy' from Antwerp (249) which is reproduced on the cover of this number.

At this point it is prudent to walk back to Galleries IV and V, which house the bulk of the Rubenses shown in the exhibition. Here there is much to interest the specialist, but the real stature of Rubens cannot be clearly seen. However, there are landscapes from the Royal Collection, not only the 'Farm at Laeken' (171) and the 'Landscape with St. George and the Dragon' (191), but the flaccid Summer (197) and Winter (199) from Rubens' studio as well; there is the 'Landscape with Cattle' from Munich (187), which was last shown four years ago at the National Gallery; there is a dreamlike 'Moonlit Landscape' from a private collection (183). Among the portraits, too, there are some splendid things, the 'Isabella Brandt' from the Uffizi (184), two early paintings of Marchesa Brigida Spinola-Doria (174, 180), which will be new to most visitors, and the 'Gaspar Gevartius' from Antwerp (212).

The representation of Rubens' subject paintings is inadequate, and over the oil sketches the selection committee, so generous in other matters, has been rather niggardly. Far and away the best of these is the 'Assumption of the Virgin' (215) from the Royal Collection. What the exhibition fails to achieve for Rubens, it has accomplished for Van Dyck. It provides an altarpiece of the first quality, the 'Ecstasy of St. Augustine' from Saint Augustine at Antwerp (132), rather unprepossessing at a first inspection but deserving of close study, as well as the magnificent 'St. Martin dividing his Cloak' from Windsor (142) and the Linlithgow 'Ecce Homo' (200). As a portrait painter Van Dyck is shown mainly, though not exclusively, in his English phase. Some of the English portraits, in which autograph heads peer timidly out from studio canvases, were perhaps scarcely worth exhibiting. But the most solidly painted reveal Van Dyck as the brilliantly gifted artist that he was.

Beneath the Van Dycks in the Central Hall the display of illuminated manuscripts begins. Whatever else is sacrificed this should not be missed. Each volume is a masterpiece, there is not one redundant book, and the choice has evidently been determined by a clear sense of direction, which, had it been extended to other rooms, might have transformed this magnificent hotch-potch into an intelligible exhibition.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Letters of Marcel Proust to Antoine Bibesco. Thames and Hudson. 42s.

ON A WARM SPRING DAY in 1902 a group of young men were climbing the spiral staircase in the great tower of the castle at Coucy. They addressed one another by anagrams and palindromes of their real names: 'Nonelef', 'Ocsebib', 'Lecram'. Lecram was most breathless of all, because he suffered from asthma; and to encourage his friend, who loved the music of Wagner, and because the day was in fact Good Friday, Nonelef sang the Good-Friday-Spell motif from Parsifal. So they reached the platform at the top and gazed, in one of the eternal moments of which Time Lost is composed, on the flowering apple-trees of the Ile-de-France, the sunlight, the endless green landscape of their friendship.

Some years later Lecram had decided that friendship, like love, and spring, and duchesses, was an imaginary ideal; it had been absurd to seek its reality on this earth, to allow his friends to call him anything but Marcel, to call them anything but Fénelon and Bibesco. Perhaps even these were not their real names; his companions, he finally realised, were really a single fictitious person, whom he called after one of the churches they had visited in the Ile-de-France: Saint-Loup.

The letters to Prince Antoine Bibesco are the only published example of Proust's many endeavours to achieve through platonic friendship 'that possible multiplication of oneself which is happiness'. They trace the whole typical course from the time of daily meetings to the time of yearly meetings, from creation of the person he wishes to know to realisation that no such person exists, and that only the ashes of loyalty and liking remain of friendship. Fénelon was killed in the war. 'Alas!' Proust wrote, '1916 will have its violets and apple-blossom, but never again will there be a Bertrand de Fénelon'. The sun had gone out over Europe, and the only light in all the western world was the electric lamp in his cork-lined bedroom. There, alone at last, he finished an enormous novel which shows that human experience, whether of love, friendship, or invitations to dine with duchesses, is fated never to bring happiness; but if happiness can never be bought, it is because it is always already there, in the extra-temporal world which they had glimpsed from the tower at Coucy, and of whose existence, but for these very experiences, imperfect human beings might never know.

The Bibesco letters, even when most utilitarian, are full of the indefinable elegance and nobility, the sense of Proust's extraordinary personality, which have fascinated the English reading public in previous instalments of his correspondence. Mr. Gerard Hopkins has translated them beautifully—why, then, does he tell us that Proust's letters are often boring and badly written? The real fault of the present collection is quite different: like most of its predecessors it presents the letters in an infuriating chronological disorder, which destroys all sequence of cause and effect. Most of the few year-dates which are given are incorrect; yet the majority of the letters could be dated from internal evidence to the month, often the very day, in which they were written. The late Prince Bibesco can hardly be blamed for editing them so abominably, when he has earned so much gratitude for having inspired them; but it is high time that it became a standard practice for each new volume of Proust's correspondence to be dated, arranged and annotated by a competent Proustian scholar. So far, this has been done only for the recently published letters to his mother, which were edited by Dr. Philip Kolb.

The Memoirs of Field Marshal Kesselring. William Kimber. 25s.

Of all the German field marshals in the second world war, Field Marshal Albert Kesselring must surely count himself the most fortunate. Two of his ranking colleagues—von Kluge and Rommel—poisoned themselves; Model shot himself; Keitel was executed; von Paulus vanished from western eyes after Stalingrad: only von Rundstedt, as a prisoner, survived the war and continued in the public eye. But Field Marshal Kesselring has not only contrived to survive the war and a prison sentence: he has written a book. Perhaps more remarkably—for books in this genre—it would appear to have been written by his own hand. Neither staff nor elaborate documentation were available to assist its composition in the prison at Werl—from which he was released only in July of last year.

The field marshal claims, with obvious sincerity, to have written 'to the best of my capacity of people and circumstances as they appeared to me *at the time*'. For this laudable reason these memoirs tend to read like a succession of thoroughgoing situation reports and staff appreciations. Nevertheless they should be of particular interest to the British reader; for Field Marshal Kesselring, apart from two short spells on the eastern front, found himself confronted by British forces throughout the war: in the air battle over Britain, and in the ground/air operations in North Africa, Italy, and north-west Europe.

The field marshal transferred from the Reichswehr General Staff to the Luftwaffe in 1933. He notes that the reoccupation of the Rhineland, in 1936, was accomplished by the entry of a few battalions and single flights of reconnaissance and fighter aircraft—'hardly more than a gesture'. In the air battle over Britain he commanded Air Fleet 2. He cannot agree that the engagements in 1940 'ended with a decisive defeat for the Luftwaffe. . . . To call off a battle that is in itself going well is not by any means the same thing as being decisively defeated'. He confirms General Guderian's statement that Reichsmarschall Goering saved the English at Dunkirk by 'pledging' himself to the Führer that, unaided, he would 'wipe them out with his Luftwaffe'. In November, 1941, he arrived in Rome, as Commander-in-Chief South, continuing in this command until March, 1945, when he relieved Field Marshal von Rundstedt as Commander-in-Chief West.

At one point in the smooth-flowing narrative one reads with a sense of shock that 'Montgomery had won a victory over Rommel'. For the rest, one is hardly conscious that 'this faithful record of a good piece of German history' is not at the same time a record of continuous defeat in every theatre of war in which the field marshal operated. After the war he was tried by a British military court for the 'reprisal' killing of 335 Italian civilians. He admitted to having issued the order for the massacre—a fact that is obscured in this book—but pleaded that he acted under superior authority. A sentence of death by shooting was commuted to one of life imprisonment.

In passing military judgment the highest wisdom lies in moderation. It is a quality for which the field marshal—now seventy-three years of age—earns commendation. The non-German reader must bear with the fact that he writes as a good soldier who kept out of politics and fought singlemindedly for his country and its Führer: for whom, unlike every other German field marshal, he has no reproaches other than for his failure to ensure the capture of Malta and his refusal to plan seriously the invasion of England.

The Emperor's Clothes

By Kathleen Nott. Heinemann. 18s.

Miss Nott is disturbed by the hostile attitude of certain contemporary writers towards science, and by their inability or unwillingness to understand it. In *The Emperor's Clothes* she opposes this dangerous attitude, and attacks the dogmatic orthodoxy of such writers as T. S. Eliot, Graham Greene, C. S. Lewis and Dorothy Sayers. Miss Nott has confined this attack to those who produce literature, especially poetry, and those who criticise it, because it is 'peculiarly disgraceful that those whose professed concern is with the purity and precision of language should be doing so much to misuse it, by making statements and building theses which have no relation to reality'. The sort of statements and theses that she has in mind are those based on the belief in original sin, the fall, and other concepts, that are upheld by Mr. Eliot and others; these beliefs, Miss Nott points out, repress emotional truth. An orthodox religious viewpoint can drive those who hold it into curious confusions: Mr. C. S. Lewis manufactures an opposition between reason and 'irrational' nature, and depreciates nature, and experiment and observation; Mr. Eliot, somewhat reticent in making definite statements about his orthodoxy, does believe that there is an 'orthodox sensibility', although he evidently finds it difficult to define this sensibility: James Joyce has been said by Mr. Eliot to have an orthodox sensibility—but Joyce spent most of his life trying to free himself from the dogma and superstition of the Roman Catholic Church.

The fact is that the method of free inquiry, which is the method of science, and the only way in which we can obtain results that are verifiable by reference to our own experience, is necessarily opposed by any orthodox, and consequently static, view of man and his world, such as the view of a dogmatic Church or of a totalitarian state. Miss Nott has shown convincingly, by making it clear that philosophically they have no validity, that systems of orthodoxy hold thought in a closed circle; and that those who accept any dogma (religious or other) find it necessary to ignore truths discovered by scientific method, which make that dogma untenable, or even assail it at certain points. But most writers who accept a dogma, realise that they must come to some sort of terms with the scientific approach; if they do not, they will, as Miss Nott says, only be ridiculous. Some of them evade this difficulty by adopting what she calls the 'Two Truths' theory: these writers allow scientists to 'experiment and measure, even to observe and record'—that is their truth. But the literary dogmatics claim as theirs, astonishingly, 'what is in fact the whole field of the non-measurable, on behalf of some authority, the Church, inherited wisdom, tradition, whatever they please to call it'.

The particular attitude of these writers, and their influence, has its effect, of course, on poetry. A great part of *The Emperor's Clothes*

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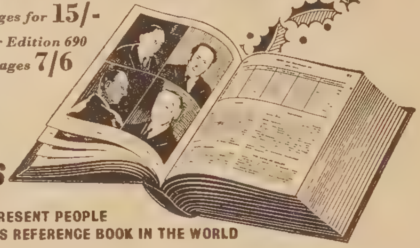

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is devoted to discussion of Mr. Eliot's work, because he is, as Miss Nott willingly admits, one of the most important poets and critics of our time; and Miss Nott points out that in accepting an orthodoxy, he has weakened his poetry: there occurs an increasing degree of abstraction, and withdrawal from sensuous experience.

The Emperor's Clothes is an important critical book, because it does lay bare by clear-headed and philosophically grounded argument, the implications of some misstatements and misconceptions about the method of scientific inquiry; and because it is not a negative polemic. To the orthodoxy of Mr. Eliot and his fellow-travellers Miss Nott opposes a belief in science and its developing tradition which, she considers, is really behind all genuine liberalism and humanism.

John Stuart Mill

By Karl Britton. Pelican. 2s.

One of the main difficulties in writing a small book about Mill is that he was a highly industrious man, who set himself as a matter of principle to cover an immense amount of ground. If his views on ethics appeared to have relevance to politics, then he must carefully work out his views on political theory. If prejudices in this and other fields claimed support from a view about mathematics and logic, then this claim must be thoroughly examined. If one maintained that all problems should be scientifically treated, it became one's business to decide what exactly scientific method is. And if one believed that any question should be brought to the test of experience, one could not ignore the long history of philosophical debate about the foundations of empirical knowledge. There is thus hardly any branch of philosophy to which Mill paid no serious attention; and the problem of attending to all that he said must oppress any commentator whose space is limited.

Professor Britton copes with these problems in the right order of importance. His first chapter contains a well-managed brief biography of Mill, which locates him clearly in his historical setting. He then works his way, with gradually decreasing detail, through Mill's doctrines on ethics, political theory, logic and mathematics, and induction; ending, with pardonable sketchiness, at his views on perception, which are neither original nor very persuasively presented.

It is, as it should be, impossible to read this book without coming to feel that Mill was both excellent as a thinker and likeable as a man. He brought to most of his enquiries not only industry and acuteness, but also a high degree of good sense, a natural tendency to be right-thinking, which is all the more creditable in him when one recalls the drab fanaticism of his upbringing. As a logician he is never less than interesting, though on the actual nature of logic and mathematics his good sense seems often to have deserted him. His treatment of induction and scientific method was a triumph of pioneering hard work, however inadequate it may now appear. But above all, in his discussions of ethics and politics, he shows himself admirably resolved to combine as much systematic tidying-up as possible with careful attention to realities. No doubt he did not achieve that radical simplification of problems of conduct at which his utilitarian predecessors aimed; but he was far more clearly aware than they had been that these often difficult and sometimes insoluble problems cannot possibly be made simple, though they may be made less confused. He remained involved in the ultimately hopeless attempt to exhibit moral and political judgments as purely 'scientific', but he did not pass from this to the idea that they must all be quite straightforward. Professor Britton certainly succeeds in making Mill appear, for all his mistakes, a far more sincere and interesting writer on ethics and politics than most philosophers seem able to be. It is accordingly not easy to see why he should end by saying, or indeed what he means by saying, that Mill 'cannot altogether succeed in taking the state seriously'. (And why, incidentally, is he so sure that Mill's idea that 'there are no essential differences between the best masculine characters and the best feminine characters' is an 'eccentric limitation'?)

Perhaps the chief merit of this book is that in spite of the vast amount of ground to be covered and the number of errors to be diagnosed, it never allows Mill himself to seem either a small figure or a dull one. He was in fact the heir to important and influential ideas, and he most powerfully influenced the minds of his contemporaries, on the whole undeniably for the better, far beyond the provinces of academic philosophy. It is here made apparent that he well deserves to be remembered and discussed. This book is itself a useful contribution to the discussion.

Follies and Grottoes

By Barbara Jones. Constable. 40s.

'When is a folly not a folly?' is a question the author of this book finds no easier to answer than will the reader. Miss Jones, after struggling towards a definition of the word in a most engaging introduction, gives up and decides that a folly is whatever it pleases her to call a folly, which is very sensible. Readers will quarrel with many of her inclusions and omissions: no buildings that are inhabited, unless by hermits (fair enough); but garden embellishments in plenty as long as they are Gothic (yet surely to embellish one's garden is one of the least foolish activities, even when the means are as fantastic as those employed by the eighteenth-century landowner who dotted his park with stucco sheep?); then why bridges and other such functional structures, which are included if they happen to have been given an exotic architectural character? And why, of all things, the buildings that served the short-lived Atmospheric Railway constructed near Croydon in 1843 (as well include the buildings at Filton put up to house the Brabazon aircraft)?

Yes, readers will quarrel; but the opportunity of quarrelling with the author adds entertainment value to any book, as does the opportunity of catching an author out in omissions. Every reader will try to catch Miss Jones out, and a few will succeed, but not many. Not that *Follies and Grottoes* needs such adventitious aids to being entertaining. Miss Jones, having cast her net very wide, draws up in it a wonderful collection of historical anecdotes, evocative architectural descriptions, psychological speculations about eccentric country squires, and reflections on the changing taste of different generations as she pursues her quarry all over England and (not quite so assiduously) Wales, beginning her account with Freston Tower in Suffolk, thought to be built by Edward Latymer in 1549, and ending it with the look-out tower built on a hill-top near Faringdon by Lord Berners in 1935.

The first half of the book consists of a description of her most interesting finds (mostly, of course, belonging to the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries) grouped according to their kind: sham ruins, grottoes, towers, hermitages, labyrinths, and so on. In the second half all the follies she has managed to discover (there are something like 280) are listed under counties, with brief notes about each and a cross-reference to those already described in the main text. It is a well-devised system, permitting the volume to be at the same time a readable piece of topographical literature and a convenient guide-book.

There are a few photographs, though not quite enough for a publication of this price, and a number of line drawings which are disappointing considering that Miss Jones is an artist before she is a writer. She has done far better elsewhere as a draughtsman, but she makes amends for scratchy drawings by writing with unusual freshness and charm and with a notable flair for the apt descriptive phrase. She also writes with affection. May some of her affection be transferred to the owners of follies and grottoes, so that they repent of the neglect and lack of interest so many of them have hitherto shown. Otherwise before long these fragile examples of a form of architecture special to this country will all have gone the way of the splendid grotto at Oatlands, which as recently as 1948 was wantonly destroyed by the Walton and Weybridge Urban District Council, with the blessing of the Ministry of Works.

The Poems of Sir Arthur Gorges

Edited by Helen Estabrook Sandison. Oxford. 30s.

It is tantalising to reflect how much fine lyrical poetry must have perished in Tudor times through the apparent disregard of the poets for what happened to their verses after they died. Most of them were busy men of affairs, courtiers, statesmen, and soldiers. They wrote their poetry in the intervals of their more serious occupations, some no doubt because it was a fashionable gentlemanly accomplishment, some because there was poetry in them which they must needs bring out for the delectation of their fellows; but Spenser notwithstanding, they did not set up as professed poets, and did not print their poems. What we have of Wyatt and Surrey, Sidney and Ralegh, has been preserved, not from any personal ambition for poetic fame, but through the admiration of the Elizabethan anthologists or of friends and relations of these poets. The present volume of poems by Sir Arthur Gorges gives us some encouragement to hope that further worthwhile poetry of the period may yet come to light, for apart from 'The Olympian Catastrophe', it consists of poems preserved in a 'lost' manuscript which was only acquired by the British Museum in 1940.

Gorges has always held a modest but secure place in literature for his translation into English of Bacon's *Wisdom of the Ancients*—he also turned the *Essays* into French—his version of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, and his lively account in *Purchas his Pilgrimes* of the Islands Voyage, in which he commanded Ralegh's ship the *Wastspite*. That he was an accomplished poet was known from hints in Spenser's *Daphnaïda*, an elegy for Gorges' wife Douglas, and from his honourable place in the list of singing shepherds in 'Colin Clouts Come Home Again', where, as Alcyon, he is praised for his 'braue conceipt' and his 'sweet layes of loue'. Yet apart from a handful of lyrics in the Elizabethan anthologies, there has until recently been nothing in print by which to gauge his worth as a poet.

In 1925 'The Olympian Catastrophe' was published from a manuscript now in America. This poem is an elegy for Prince Henry, who died in 1612. Showing a strong Spenserian influence, it gives evidence of a sensitive ear and a fine pictorial imagination, but by itself it could at best provide recognition for Gorges as one of many competent courtier-poets of the period. The 100-odd earlier poems now printed for the first time, *The Vannetyes and Toyes of Yowth*, do much more than this: they display him as a graceful and comparatively versatile poet who stands up to a comparison with, say, his cousin Ralegh, with whom he has close poetic affinities, or Sir John Davies, or even Sidney. If he is not often strikingly novel, he is certainly no mere imitator, despite echoes from Spenser

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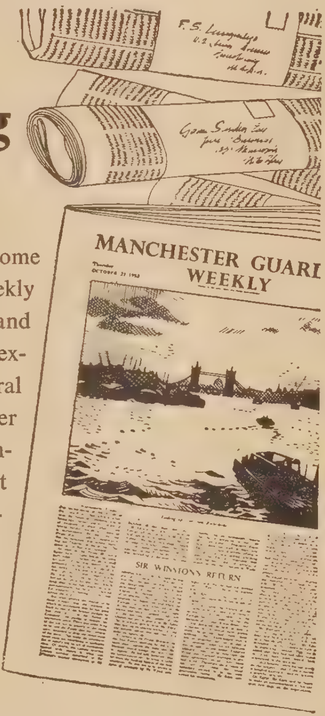

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and other English poets, and a stronger debt to French poets like Desportes, du Bellay, and Ronsard. His true originality is seen in the delicate effects he gains by his phrasing and rhythms, and in the manner in which he adapts the sentiments of his models to feelings that are manifestly his own, particularly in the lovely sonnets addressed to his wife—that, for instance, which begins:

> My deare, take in good parte this fortune badde,
> Since of the good, no man is alwayes sure;

or that which begins:

> Full lytle knowes my deare and sweetest frynde
> What wery nights my resteles fancye tryes,
> When all men els to geve theyr Cares an ende
> With slombringe harts close upp their wakinge eyes.

No one who reads this book will dispute that Gorges is entirely worthy of resuscitation, and of the beautiful edition in which he is now presented to us. Professor Sandison deserves the pleasure of introducing him; she had done much work on him long before the British Museum manuscript became available, and her scholarly introduction and commentary add much to the interest and value of the edition. It could perhaps have been wished that she had incorporated in greater detail the material of her earlier articles instead of so often merely referring us to the journal in which they appeared.

Always the Young Strangers
By Carl Sandburg. Cape. 25s.

Carl Sandburg was the second child of a Swedish couple who had emigrated to the United States, and was born in 1878 in Galesberg, Illinois, a settlement with a considerable Swedish population. This volume of his autobiography tells in the most prolix detail about his boyhood and youth in this town, about his parents—the father nearly illiterate (he could read but not write) and speaking English poorly, a steady worker in the railroad shop; the mother slightly more refined and educated—about numerous other inhabitants of the town, about the current jokes and sayings, and about anybody who had had anything to do with Abraham Lincoln or the war between the States. In American terms, it is a 'second generation' book, the author learning a language and customs which were strange to his parents, the town already established—the prairie had been broken a full generation earlier—but with few traditions and only accidental beauty.

The value which readers will find in this work will depend on the predispositions they bring to it; the admirers of Carl Sandburg's poems and rhapsodic histories, or those who are romantic about the 'free' boyhood of the American middle west in the nineteenth century will doubtless find much to delight and entertain them. Those who do not share such tastes may well be overwhelmed by the plethora of detail, and emotive adjectives, the lack of any psychological insight, the consistent 'folksiness' and the absence of stylistic care or elegance. It is a telling instance of the deplorable influence of Walt Whitman on American letters.

New Novels

Except the Lord. By Joyce Cary. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.
The Charioteer. By Mary Renault. Longmans. 15s.
A Song of a Shirt. By Christopher Sykes. Derek Verschoyle. 10s. 6d.

NO doubt novels have sometimes been the worse for a too strenuous effort to be entertaining. We have all heard how Dickens gingered up flagging plots and altered the development of unpromising characters, and how wicked and inartistic this was. But it is a comparatively venial fault. The novel began as entertainment, and whatever added gravity of purpose it may have acquired since, its essence disappears if it strays too far from its original intention. After some reflection I have come to the conclusion that it is on this horribly obvious rock that Mr. Cary's new novel splits.

Except the Lord is a serious book, but it is a dull one. It is not that one is always expecting something significant to happen and nothing does; the sequence of events ought to be absorbing enough, but for some reason curiosity is never really aroused. It is not quite easy to see why. I think part of the failure is the reverse side of a stylistic success. The book tells in the first person of the early life of Chester Nimmo, a Devonshire labourer's son who later became a great Radical leader; and it concentrates so successfully on getting inside his mind and imitating his mode of utterance that a good deal of the vivacity of the narrative is lost from the start. The autobiographical convention is sometimes thought to be a rather over-simplified and old-fashioned device; the real objection to it is that it makes virtually impossible all those illuminating reflections of one character upon another, or of the author upon his characters, that give light and shade and variety to a novel. That is why it is best suited to a story of adventure, where the incidents themselves are stimulating. Here the main interest is in Nimmo himself; but we are so completely inside him, and his imaginative range is so narrow—so much narrower than Mr. Cary's—that the result is an unnecessary monotony.

These very qualities, however, make it extraordinarily successful in a documentary way. The half-savage life of the moor-dwellers, the bitter poverty of labourers' families in the 'seventies, the narrowness, the exaltation, and the occasional insight to be found in a small adventist sect, are all deeply convincing. The interplay of religious and economic motives is done with immense understanding—one begins to wish that this was an authentic document because it would be so valuable to the social historian. But there it is; we do not read novels for information, and this one gives us little else. It seems ungracious to be so tepid about an obviously solid piece of work.

The Charioteer is a novel about homosexuality; and to review it in the present state of inflamed public interest in the matter is rather like reviewing a book on the Jewish problem in Nazi Germany. Let it be said at the start that *The Charioteer* shows no sign of cashing in on a subject that happens to be in the news; that it is not, as far as I can see, advocating more tolerance, or less; or indeed treating the thing as a 'problem' at all. It is simply a story like the majority of stories—about the love-relations between people; but the people all happen to be young men. The trouble is that the book is written by a woman. The best women novelists have commonly avoided too many scenes between men alone; and wisely. For a woman writer to take on this subject, from which feminine participation is so clearly excluded, is something of a *tour-de-force*. The degree of success is however considerable. The setting of the story is a military hospital, and Miss Renault evidently knows what she is talking about, and is quite capable of capturing something of the tone of army life. Yet at times one becomes faintly disturbed; are we in the army at all? Are we not rather—where can it be?—surely these heart-searchings, these dormitory confidences, these sheltered intimacies really belong to the fifth form at St. Monica's? And one begins to realise that even feminine young men are not really very like young girls; and that sympathetic and penetrating as this study is, it is, almost inevitably, just a little out of focus.

Having made that necessary qualification, there is much here to commend. Four distinct types are presented with considerable clarity—the over-sensitive, morally scrupulous youngster; his platonically inclined admirer; the tough, ultra-masculine invert; and a selection of frisking, scratching, chattering wasters, drawn with malicious accuracy. My main criticism of *The Charioteer* simply as a story is that the personal relations are a little too mild; and as a set of case histories, that they are too isolated, that the pressure of an ordinary world around them is not sufficiently felt. But the attempt to deal with this difficult subject in a human and unclinical fashion is not often made; and this book will increase rather than obscure understanding.

Mr. Christopher Sykes takes us back to a world that is happily almost forgotten; and his tale of staff intrigues and personal power-politics in an army headquarters has now an air of fantastically dated oddity. As one of the characters remarks:

> The war will blow over. Militarism will blow over. Not for ever, but for a time. Warriors will be put away. The age of the crosspatch Martyr-Pansy will dawn again, and it will affect the whole light of day, and wearing obscene garments in the presence of Generals, even spitting at them, will not seem terrible any more.

Well, it has all happened now, and to recount the dust-up caused by Harry Leighton's improper behaviour in the presence of General Crust is rather like sticking pins in a dead horse. The whole imbroglio occurs in such an exalted sphere that I couldn't say how far it is true to life. Satirists at any rate seem permanently convinced that people do behave like this, and perhaps they are right. It is all very funny, in the vein of hard-hearted comedy that depends on keeping all affairs of any real moment just out of range, yet allowing their existence to be felt, and to set the scale for the enormous trifles that fill the foreground. I don't think the intrigue is either sufficiently intricate or sufficiently clear-cut for this kind of fantastic satire, but the detail is everywhere superb. However little or however much you are capable of being amused by staff-officers in war-time Cairo, the book is a delight to read for the pointed elegance of its style. This is so brilliant that it quite destroys any pretences to verisimilitude that the characters may have. Many of them are supposed to be stupid and insensitive, yet all are capable of talking in the manner of the most polished high comedy. It is extremely agreeable; but what Mr. Sykes' real intention was, I am not sure. Sometimes he is having fun about the army; sometimes he seems to be on the point of saying something solemn about plutocracy and success; sometimes he is just enjoying his own excellent dialogue. But probably we should not worry too much.

GRAHAM HOUGH

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

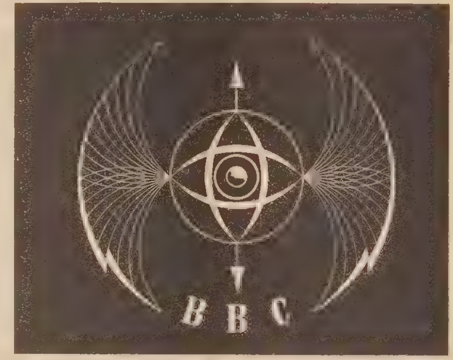
DOCUMENTARY

Blowing Bubbles

B.B.C. TELEVISION has a new emblem, the abstract design which made its first appearance on our screens last week. If a general television signature tune is contemplated, there is the not entirely forgotten melody of 'I'm For Ever Blowing Bubbles'. One seemed to see an allegory of television in the flights of bubbles on recent fine days over the pavements of Oxford Street, where the Christmas hawkers have their pitches. Catching a glint of the crowded scene below, they were wafted into one's vision and as quickly out of it, to dissolve in the hazy infinity of an autumn afternoon. Television programmes are tenuous, too, and have a way of vanishing with similar finality. Embarrassing, almost, when one thinks of the amount of mental exhalation that goes into their making and of the formidable number of memories from which they so quickly fade. Television has so far achieved memorableness only in its outside broadcasting, a thought to quell the enthusiasm of all but the most immature viewers.

If television is to acquire significance as a means of creative expression as well as of sight-seeing there must be some modification of the cult of the ephemeral and the miscellaneous to which the service is at present committed. It is not wholly unreal, if ungenerous, to pursue the bubble analogy in surveying its activities. Often they have little meaning except in an administrative sense; they sustain the momentum indispensable to the investment of money, research, and time. That they imposingly or even sensibly express the mind of man is hardly to be conceded. It is the misfortune of television, that marvellous invention, that while there are many minds operating it there is no mind inspiring it.

Last week, in 'Press Conference', it provided the means by which the Bishop of London was able to give news about the future of religion in England: that more young people are active in church work and that there is more co-operation now between the churches than ever before—an interesting and possibly important pronouncement—elicited in a half-hour's interview programme in which questions were asked which no one could be expected to answer adequately in so short a time. Listening to the Bishop's sympathetic attempts at definition and explanation under that handicap, one realised that on the subject of religion, for example, B.B.C. television is certainly not living up to its opportunities or responsibilities. Playing fair by the denominations seems to be the policy, interpreted in terms of occasionally televised services, Sunday-night epilogues of varying quality, and now and again a film like the one of the Lutheran community of the Middle West recently shown to us, sincere in purpose but in content a study for the anthropologists of a later age rather than a contribution to religious thought.



The new television symbol, designed by Mr. Abram Games, who also designed the symbol for the Festival of Britain

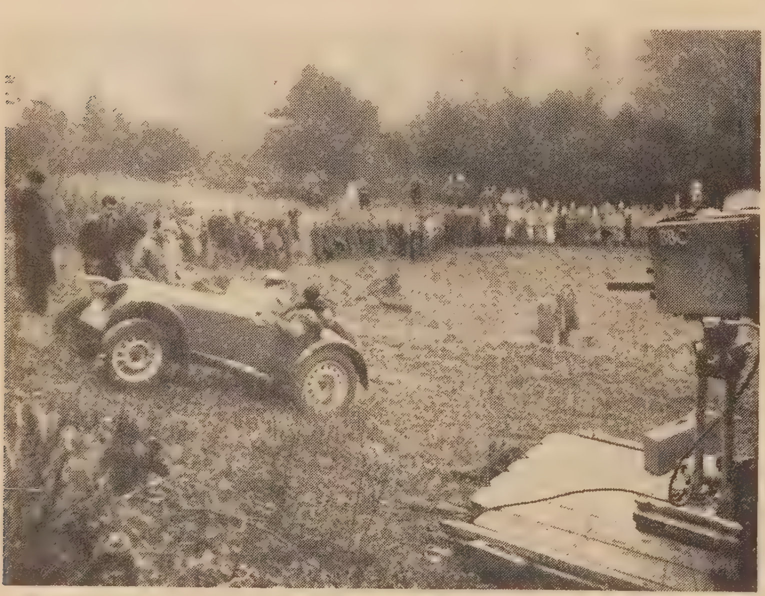
What some of us would like to see is television bringing its quite special resources to bear on contemporary themes in the spirit of a campaign. Is religion a living issue in the land or is it so no longer? A fortnight of programmes, purposefully designed, could produce a new and vital awareness in the public consciousness. That is hardly the potential of the widely-spaced, forty-five-minute programmes of a series like 'Special Enquiry'.

Last week's 'Special Enquiry' was one of the less immediately evanescent bubbles, though it is possible that not every viewer was gripped by its subject, the weather. It heightened the suspicion that our English climate is bureaucratically supervised, and left me with the wish that Robert Reid would come on to our screens each evening instead of those boringly repetitious weather charts. He would humanise official weather forecasting.

'International Survey' was the week's other substantial programme, with Alan Bullock guiding us through the German political maze, aided by a film smuggled by an American cameraman out of the Soviet zone. The programme illustrated the ferocity of will and energy with which the Germans are building their future. Forty minutes were allotted to it, and that is not much when one is considering a political and economic development full of implications not only for a continent but for the hemispheres. 'International Survey' has been one of the more adult television concepts, but here again the programmes have been so widely separated in time and so sharply restricted in form that it is difficult, I find, to recall without effort what they have all been about.

For the rest, the bubble argument was well supported by the visit to the cosmetics factory, amateur boxing of no great merit, 'Guess My Story', ice skating, Joan Gilbert's diary, and Leslie Mitchell's interview with R. L. Delderfield, the playwright, who had little that was interesting to tell us about himself or his work. I thought Moray McLaren's 'Speaking Personally', on St. Andrew's Day, was successful in manner but disappointing in matter: one had expected a more satisfyingly indigenous use of the occasion. By the way, I now recall that the keyword of the week's television was teezie-weezie.

REGINALD POUND



'Special Inquiry—V. In All Weathers', with Roy Bradford and (holding pointer) Dr. J. S. Farquharson of the Central Forecasting Office, Dunstable

Left: Motor-car trials at Wendover, Bucks, on December 5: 'The Television Trophy', organised by the London Motor Club

DRAMA

Light More Light

THOMAS HARDY makes the Mayor of Casterbridge realise that happiness is only an 'interlude in a general drama of pain'; which I once heard described as not a nice way to look at things at all. Now an unknown lady writes: 'Just like my hubby, you always dwell on the dark side: he even turns down the brightness knob on our set every time I turns [*sic*] it up'. She follows with the assertion that I always devote my article to the Sunday-night play which, she says, is always sad and sordid; and how much nicer it would be if I looked on the bright side and wrote of the lovely 'fare for kiddies provided'.

Courage, madam; life is difficult. But the same thought had visited me, too, and so I separate the Russian cosh-boy of last Sunday from the passionately unhappy Cathy of this with some animadversions on lighter subjects, promising myself to revert to what *Radio Times* calls the 'play by Emily Brontë' next week. Incidentally, did Emily Brontë ever write a play—even a 'Gondal' one? Did she, except in Brussels, ever visit a theatre? Her tremendous life of imagination was, I fancy, unclouded by the thought that she and her heroines would ever grace the boards or shadow our screens before the gaping millions. There is comfort—may I remind my correspondent?—in everything, if only you know how to find it.

Scene from 'A Loan from Lorenzo', a play for children, on December 3, with (left to right) Michael Harding as King Edward IV, Williams Simons as Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Jeremy Spenser as Guiliano, and Christopher Langley as George, Duke of Clarence

Let me then, a sort of Jeanne Heal of criticism, look firmly on the bright side and at the humblest manifestations. After the Test Card I can think of nothing humbler than 'Watch with Mother'. I do it—as one can—without Mother, and it doesn't last long. I watched on Thursday last a film about Rag, Tag, and Bobtail, three clumsy and extremely unlovable animals. The commentary on their adventures had the gentleness that one finds also in the radio equivalent of this programme; there was no undue coyness, no baby talk or 'ickey-wickey-duckey'. But the pictures I thought boring. It was so fumbling; any child of imagination—this is my complaint—could have dished up a much more animated display with three of its own toys. The movements swore at the verbal descriptions, too: we were told of Tag, a mouse, going 'pitter-pat, pitter-pat', but what we saw him do was go dot-and-carry, his horrid little legs set in a taxidermist's rigor.

How children react to all this animal stuff I do not know and no doubt should be told that the largest group of watchers are Chelsea Pensioners, so what are we arguing about? But is the result beneficial? Children get so much of this anthropomorphic view of animals that it comes as quite a shock to their little 'systems' when they discover that all animals do *not* clean their teeth with toothbrushes, say bedtime prayers, and change their socks when they get wet. A devoted reader of Beatrix Potter myself when young, I was aghast to learn how rabbits really behaved, eating their young when scared, and worse, they say, when for so long one had thought of them in those little pink woollen coats. And all this was before the impact of Disney. However, enough: the little programme was thoroughly well intended and that is often the best we can say of other more ambitious television offerings at present.

Yet I cannot quite leave the subject of human animals and the English. Watching 'Café Continentale' last Saturday week in a pub (as I think one should not judge such programmes outside a gregarious company), I noted with much interest the reactions of the patrons to a brilliant conjuror. One of his first tricks was to bring on a Pomeranian dog (the breed with the mellow and musical bark), pop it in a wine press (cries of 'Poor little *soul*!') screw the thing down tight, unscrew, and produce a fur bonnet in place of the vanished animal. Half the men and all the women present would have lynched the conjuror if they had been able to get at him, and flew to ring up Lime Grove. A few minutes later the same conjuror turned his lady assistant into water and emptied her down a funnel. Did anyone complain? Not a murmur. I add that of course lady and Pom reappeared at the end, so there was a bright side to that, too.

What of historical plays for the young? I thought 'A Loan from Lorenzo' (the Magnificent) was rather fun and somehow a good deal more 'historical' in feeling than the recent Elizabethan evening. It was acted in a remarkably unselfconscious way by a lot of nice young people. About the adaptation of 'The Rose and the Ring' I am much less happy. Perhaps I have inflated memories of the impact of this work upon my own childhood, for I was taken to see Thackeray's grandchildren perform it in a private house at what must have been a very tender age, and my enjoyment of the simple mechanics whereby Blackstick transformed Gruffanuff into a door knocker remain with me yet (they involved two screens and a lot of elastic). Considering the chances such a transformation ought to have on the screen I found the one in the current serial very ordinary. And the whole piece somehow lacks flavour.

Richard Todd as Heathcliff and Yvonne Mitchell as Cathy in 'Wuthering Heights' on December 6

Finally, I took a look at an institution called 'Teleclub', which is my province only in so far as the music and dancing were concerned. Both, I report, showed the youth of the country in good health and spirits. Were they singing songs of Moscow? Not at all. Songs of the Homeland, then? Well, er, not those either. Actually something about 'Way down yonder in Noo Orleans . . .'.

And now, whether you have seen or are about to see 'Wuthering Heights', I suggest you beg, borrow, or steal a copy of that novel and read the page near the beginning about the nightmare and how the little hand was rubbed against the broken pane and the blood ran down and soaked the bedclothes. No bright side there.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Love and Duty

IT IS THE OLD FIGHT between love and duty—or, in this play, between love and the duties of faith. The play is Paul Claudel's 'The Hostage'; oddly, I may remember its production (Third) for that first minute or so, extraordinarily summoning, when we are set, on an early spring night of storm, in the candle-lit library of a former Cistercian Abbey deep in the secret forests of France. It is hard to say why this was so compelling; but in memory that minute, thanks to narrator (T. St. John Barry) and producer (Raymond Raikes), means as much to me as anything that followed. The play itself—tale of sacrifice for the Church's sake—has a spare strength that reminded me of the poet's line, 'a blade Toledo-wrought, neither to break nor bend'. Edward Sackville-West's version keeps a dignity unadorned. Always I am suspicious of a piece for which a dramatist has alternative endings—that is too much like puppetry—but the end chosen for the radio-play, the refusal of Sygne de Coûfontaine (the name itself summons) to forgive before she dies, seemed to me to be right: the less comfortable possibility, but the truer.

'The Hostage' made an urgent radio-play on each level—ground-floor of drama, upper storey of spiritual conflict. Diana Maddox, who came (through Hermione Hannen's illness) into the trying part of Sygne, held the note. She could carry such an early phrase as 'a faint whisper in place of the sea-surge of a hundred monks chanting the glory of God'; and she could express the anguish of the later scenes without struggling. Given James McKechnie as her loved cousin; Francis de Wolff as the Baron, Sygne's evil spirit, and Raf de la Torre as the Abbé, the play was richly cast. Beside Miss Maddox I shall think of Harcourt Williams as

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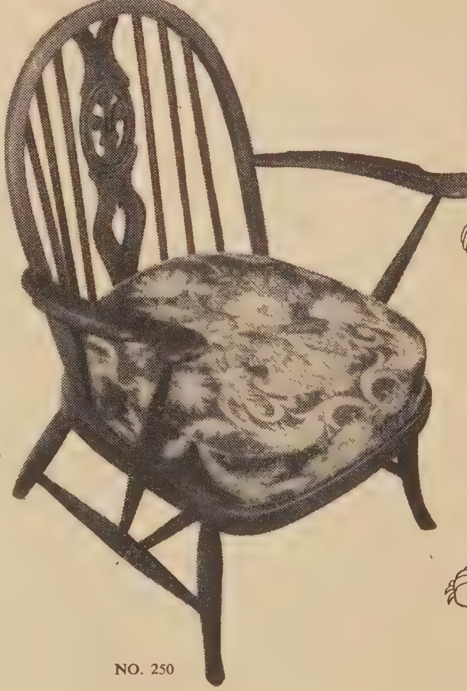

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FURNITURE INDUSTRIES LIMITED · HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS the abducted Pope Pius, brought suddenly to these lost forests and speaking for a man weary in body and soul: that rustling voice has a strange, simple beauty. The play held us to its dying fall over the body of Sygne, ‘Can you see this candle-light pass to and fro before your eyes?’, which took me back curiously to the opening moment.

Love and duty have their part in ‘Hanging Judge’ (Light), some way from Claudel. I thought that Raymond Massey’s melodrama (from the Bruce Hamilton novel) was treated harshly when it came to the theatre. The taradiddle of a double-living judge who found himself in the dock on a murder charge had a certain preposterous excitement; it was amusing to see how many wires could be pulled from a club alcove. On radio the play became more preposterous, less exciting, even though the adapter had added a preliminary condemned-cell scene. The trouble, I think, was Boris Karloff’s lack of vocal range: he faded into monotony, and one did not care at the last whether Mr. Justice Brittain got away with it or not. Hugh Manning’s voice remained buoyant; the piece, as a whole, sagged.

It was a wise idea to cast Alan Badel, the best modern Ariel, for Shelley in a feature on the last days of Shelley’s life. But it took all Mr. Badel’s fire-and-air quality, Hugh Burden’s special craft in narration, and the loyalty of the cast, to animate this document, ‘The Summer by the Sea’ (Third). Ivan Roe had tried painstakingly to reconstruct the summer at Casa Magni. It was, inevitably I daresay, a stiff-jointed piece, grateful though we were to William Fox as that blustering, dramatising Cornishman Trelawny, who would seem to have a strain of ‘the pomping folk’; and to Alan Badel, as a Shelley absorbed by the future, for the way in which he spoke those lines, ‘The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child, met his own image walking in the garden’, that by now have almost passed into the work of Mr. T. S. Eliot. Peter Duval Smith, the producer, had sought with care to evoke the atmosphere of Lerici and the ‘twinkling bay’.

Again love-and-duty: the matter of ‘The Dentist on the Dyke’ (Light). This adventure in the farcical-macabre-pathetic got us nowhere in particular. Still, its author, Julian Orde, has a sense of fantasy that we can expect to blossom. His gift is for the grave presentation of the wilder humours. Ernest Jay and Betty Hardy were precise here, and it was a privilege to be made free of a town that appeared to depend for entertainment upon either town hall lectures on ‘The Teeth of Aboriginal Peoples’ or ‘The Pretty Pollies’ at the local music-hall. The wild humours of ‘Life With the Lyons’ (Light) reached a point when, hypnotised, I found myself admiring Ben Lyon’s feat in winning ninety-eight kewpie dolls at a rifle-range. But, on the whole, I preferred Gilbert Harding’s arrival, in ‘Top of the Town’ (Light) as his own apocryphal ancestor, uncle of Nell Gwyn. For some reason—love or duty?—everybody in the cast fell, splashing, into a moat.

J. C. Trewin

THE SPOKEN WORD

Unbaffled Listener

My criticisms of ‘The Critics’, as I have remarked before, are nearly always concerned with the show as a whole, considered as intelligent entertainment, rather than with the sense (or nonsense) they may talk about the items they have chosen to discuss, and the reason for this is that I have seldom read the book or seen the play, film, or art exhibition they discuss; and even when it comes to radio their choice more often than not is some broadcast which is off my beat. But last week I was slightly better prepared: I had listened to ‘Cheap at the Price’, the sixth instalment of Christopher Salmon’s ‘Prospect of Britain,’ which had been chosen by ‘The Critics’ as their radio assignment.

It produced a surprising diversity of opinion. M. R. Ridley, the radio critic of the moment, had evidently been much put out by it. He complained at the outset that he had been made to feel that he was a backward child being kindly treated and went on to say that the argument had no sequence and that he was left baffled and gravelled; whereas Robert Furneaux Jordan liked the manner and thought the broadcast well written but the argument over-complicated. Ivor Brown thought it a very well read lecture but didn’t accept Mr. Salmon’s ideals in the matter of work and workers; and yet another view—I think it was Sir Gerald Barry’s—was that the argument was lucidly presented. As for me, I would always prefer in a broadcast talk to be treated as a little more backward rather than a little brighter than I am. Such treatment insures at least that the talk leaves me, as this one did, unbaffled and ungravelled. In fact I thought it one of the best talks of the series. But gravelled is what I would have been if I had relied on ‘The Critics’ to tell me what sort of a talk it was and how delivered.

In their other subjects—David Garnett’s new book, ‘Figures in Their Setting’ (a show at the Tate), the film of ‘Julius Caesar’, and ‘Pygmalion’ at the St. James’s—they enabled me to guess pretty shrewdly what my own reactions would have been. Not that clear conclusions are necessarily a virtue nor irreconcilable differences a vice: in this programme it is the quality of talk that matters.

Christopher Salmon concluded his series last week in a talk which gave a clear summary of his principal ideas. I have found this series very stimulating and, as it seemed to me, full of valuable stuff.

I was pleased to see in last week’s *Radio Times* no less than three poetry programmes, each to be repeated. I was sorry to miss the selection of Norman Cameron’s poems made and introduced by Robert Graves; but I heard T. O. Beachcroft’s study of Richard Crashaw’s poetic style, called after the title of one of his poems ‘Musicks Duell’, a programme which set out to display the astonishing verbal music of this and others of his poems. The poetry was read by Marius Goring, Alan Wheatley, Diana Maddox, and Frank Duncan. Mr. Beachcroft’s excellent commentary and the readings made a delightful broadcast which kept me effortlessly engrossed for a whole hour.

The third poetic event was a reading by the poet himself of a new poem, ‘The Observatory: An Adventure in Space’, by James Kirkup. I approach the work of some of our younger poets with much misgiving. For reasons which may be justifiable they express themselves in terms which to the uninitiated are Double Dutch. Their treatment of me, in fact, seems to be the reverse of that which Mr. Ridley felt was meted out to him by Mr. Salmon. Mr. Ridley felt that he, an intelligent adult, was treated as a backward child: I, on the contrary, am made to feel that I am a backward child whom the poet has treated as an intelligent adult—a much deadlier insult.

But Mr. Kirkup, as I already knew, is not one of these and I was able even at the first hearing to get great enjoyment out of his fine poem. The second reading, two days later, by Michael Hordern, gave me a welcome chance of hearing the poem again. I have left no room to discuss this interesting experiment and to decide once more whether a poet is always the best reader of his poetry. I hope to do so later.

Martin Armstong

MUSIC

A Matter of Idiom

The fame of David Oistrakh, like the fame of the ballerina, Ulanova, has long travelled abroad and had assumed almost legendary dimensions, which could be checked only by some not very satisfactory gramophone recordings. Even allowing for that patriotic pride which insists that the Soviet Union has produced the best of everything from tinned crab to hydrogen bombs, it was obvious that Oistrakh is a violinist of quite exceptional accomplishment. Recently he has visited Paris, while his son Igor has been in London. Some of the father’s performances in Paris have been ‘canned’ and imported into the Third Programme, so that at last we could hear for ourselves.

At the moment of writing I have heard Oistrakh’s performance, with Lev Oborine, of César Franck’s Sonata in A. The strength and richness of the violinist’s tone were certainly striking, and he is obviously possessed of a technical mastery of his instrument. But, as the performance proceeded, I could not but marvel at the ingenuousness—for I do not suppose it was effrontery—which led him to play this work before a French audience; and at the miscalculation—for it can hardly have been downright mischief—which led someone at Broadcasting House to choose this as the performance to give us a first taste of the violinist’s quality.

Oistrakh played the sonata as if it were a virtuoso piece by Paganini, often reducing the melodies to mere passage-work by omitting the necessary inflections and accents which would give them their proper shape. It was very much as if I, with a knowledge of the Russian alphabet and its pronunciation but ignorant of the meaning of the words, were to read aloud a poem by Pushkin. The actual sounds, apart from one or two of those slips which even the best musicians make, were correct enough, but of sense there was precious little. Nor is this state of affairs altogether surprising, for the violinist has been brought up in isolation from the central musical traditions of Europe, and has probably been taught to despise them. He was interpreting Franck by the light of his own unaided intelligence, and it is natural that a musical idiom, which must indeed be strange to a modern Russian, should not have yielded its meaning to him. If I have concentrated on his performance rather than on the ensemble of the two players, it is because the pianist seemed to take a humble view of his share in the music, contenting himself with accompanying the great man.

These idiomatic misinterpretations are by no means confined to Russian musicians. We have heard singers from America with magnificent voices displaying a complete incomprehension of German *Lieder*. And we heard last week a String Quartet, which has assumed the name of Haydn, give an extraordinarily unidiomatic account of Debussy’s work in G minor. These same players gave a fine, vigorous performance of the Quartet in C (Opus 76, No. 3) by their eponymous composer, but played Debussy’s sensuous and subtle music in a manner which seemed to show a lack of understanding of how the music should sound, rather than any deficiency in technical ability.

This same problem of idiomatic interpretation meets performers of medieval music in an acute form, and those of us who are not specialists can only judge by whether the results sound satisfactory or not. By this criterion a programme of early English Coronation Music passed with honours. ‘Redit aetas aurea’, which dates from Richard I’s coronation, was a particularly robust piece with affinities to a medieval drinking-song. It seemed especially appropriate to that heroic king.

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'The Barber of Baghdad' by Cornelius was good fun for most of the time, but tailed off at the end. There is a rich comic part, in the manner of Osmin, for the bass, which was admirably sustained by Kurt Böhme. The weakness of the opera is that the melody is never quite distinguished enough to carry the piece off on its own merits. But, given a good translation, the opera might well be considered when an addition to the repertory at Sadler's Wells is wanted.

By a happy chance Oxford provided the opportunity of hearing another neglected German opera, Marschner's 'Hans Heiling', which has far more meat in it than Cornelius' comedy. It would be well worth a broadcast or a professional stage production on the grand scale. For it contains some very effective dramatic music and plenty of opportunity for spectacle. The Oxford production was distinguished by an excellent performance by the tenor and the fine singing and playing of the chorus and orchestra (all undergraduates) under Professor Westrup.

Of new works the most important was Rubbra's 'Song of the Soul' for chorus, strings, harp and timpani, an ecstatic and evidently deeply inspired setting of verses by St. John of the Cross. Beauty of melody and an unusual luminosity in the orchestral score combined to make this piece, short though it is, one of the composer's outstanding works. Beside it Rawsthorne's 'A Canticle of Man', an occasional piece, indeed, and his first choral essay, sounded rather perfunctory, while the charm of Britten's 'A Ceremony of Carols', heard the following evening, begins to wear a little thin.

Suzanne Danco introduced a curious work by a new composer, Federico Ghisi, telling the story of Leander from Hero's point of view to the accompaniment of harpsichord and pianoforte. Danco's fine art of dramatic declaration made it sound very effective, though the accompaniment was hardly adequate to the storm.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Prokofiev's Operas

By COLIN MASON

Prokofiev's 'Love for Three Oranges' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.25 p.m. on Friday, December 11, at 5.0 p.m. on Sunday, December 13, and at 8.30 p.m. on Monday, December 14

EXCLUDING three juvenile works, Prokofiev wrote eight operas equalling when not outnumbering his contributions to all the other important forms of composition. It was almost certainly his favourite medium, and his assiduous cultivation of it during the last fourteen years of his life, after the long period when he neglected it, from 1919 to 1939, suggests that the desire to take it up again was among his reasons for returning to the Soviet Union when he did—as of Glinka's returning to Russia from abroad just a century earlier. Like a poet, an operatic composer needs to work in his mother-tongue, and in his native country, since opera is inevitably less easily exportable than purely instrumental music. Soviet Russia offered Prokofiev both the renewal of contact with his native language, for which he yearned, and on which his operatic inspiration was so dependent, and better prospects of production than could be found elsewhere in Europe or America. That he did not immediately set to work on an opera may have been due to the attack on Shostakovich's 'Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk'. But from 1939 he wrote three operas in as many years, followed by another in 1948.

Of this important part of his immense output we know almost nothing. Few scores are available, and there have been equally few performances outside Russia. We can in general only guess at their probable style and quality, on the basis of our knowledge, also by no means adequate, of his instrumental music. Disregarding the three precocious attempts between 1900 and 1904, he began with 'Magdalene' (1911), a melodramatic story said to be set almost entirely in a declamatory recitative style. It is regarded as a study for his first mature opera, 'The Gambler' (after Dostoevsky), composed in 1915-16, which is one of the most impressive, attractive and mature examples of his early style. This, and presumably also 'The Flaming Angel' (begun 1919, completed 1927), shows the serious Prokofiev, in contrast to 'Love for Three Oranges' (1919) which is witty and fantastic, and more impersonal, corresponding in mood, though not in style, to the Classical Symphony.

His first Soviet opera, after the long interval, was 'Simeon Kotko', or 'I, Son of the Working People', written in 1939, after he had won some encouraging success with 'Peter and the Wolf', 'Romeo and Juliet', and 'Alexander Nevsky'. The opera, however, apparently still exemplified his belief (which many even outside modern Russia consider mistaken) that opera librettos should be in prose, and their setting in its musical equivalent, *i.e.*, in continuous, free, recitative-like melody rather than in rhythmical tunes. For this reason, in spite of its subject, it did not please the official Soviet critics (even though Mussorgsky, whom they approve of, held very similar beliefs). 'Betrothal in a Convent', a setting of Sheridan's 'The Duenna', which soon followed (1940), is again light and witty, in the same relation to 'Simeon Kotko' as 'Love for Three Oranges' to 'The Gambler', and probably to 'Love for Three Oranges' rather as the Violin Sonata in D to the Classical Symphony. On the heels of this came 'War and Peace' (1941-42), which might correspond in style and mood to the Fifth Symphony. In this Prokofiev did not attempt to solve the probably insoluble problems of dramatising Tolstoy's novel, but offered a rather pageant-like succession of scenes. It was severely criticised on musical-ideological grounds, but according to the January 1953 issue of *Sovetskaya Muzyka*, the composer considerably revised it last year, and a new production was planned for this year. His last opera, as far as is known, was 'The Story of a Real Man', written after the 1948 condemnation, and said by Prokofiev in a preliminary statement to be in a much simpler style. But this too had a hostile reception from the official critics when produced in 1949.

By far the best-known of all the operas is 'Love for Three Oranges', and for this reason almost any of the others would more usefully increase our knowledge of the composer. But even this revival will be welcome. We now know that Prokofiev was not, as he was long held to be, capable only of, or even at his best in, the fantastic, the wry, and the grotesque. So we can now afford to listen again to a work of his in this vein. Fantastic, of course, it is, and well suited his temperament and style at the time. What appealed to him in the subject was what presumably led to the publication of Gozzi's scenario in the literary magazine in which the composer first saw it: the applicability of Gozzi's satire on, and ridicule of, the romantic excesses and literary mediocrity of the plays of Goldoni and Chiari, to the bourgeois romanticism and characterless academicism that had overtaken Russian art, and particularly music, since the days of the great nationalists. As Gozzi wanted to restore the *commedia dell' arte,* which he considered the glory of the Italian theatre, so Prokofiev wanted to restore the vigorous national tradition in Russian music.

A knowledge of the details and background of Gozzi's play will add to the listener's enjoyment of the humour of some of the episodes in the opera—the satirical point of the monotonous crotchets for Leandro, the musical equivalent of his tedious Martellian verses; of the lyrical outbursts to such ridiculous phrases as '*j'adore, j'adore, j'adore les trois oranges*'; of the scherzo, representing the delightfully, alliteratively named Farfarello, wielding the bellows to propel the hero 2,000 miles within the course of one act (ridiculing a similar episode in one of Chiari's plays); of the mock witch music of Tchelio and Fata Morgana, representing Goldoni and Chiari respectively; and of the frequent interruptions of the spectators, clamouring for tragedy, comedy, farce, or romance. But Prokofiev ensured also that everything in the opera should be intelligible and amusing even to a listener without a knowledge of these allusions, simply as part of the fantasy of a musical fairy story, or pantomime. Even the steady four-four rhythm of Leandro's Martellian verses can be taken simply as the characterisation of a pompous ass, as legitimate and effective as the woeful melody by which the Prince's mortal sickness of hypochondria is suggested. For it was also Gozzi's aim, apart from satire, to prove that even a fairy story, familiar to every child, could, if acted with improvised humour and fantasy, in the tradition of the *commedia dell' arte,* hold a theatre audience's attention; and in this aspect of the scenario, too, Prokofiev found a challenge that appealed to his imagination.

It is tempting to see a wry irony in his later being forced, in his Soviet operas, into just that 'vulgar realism' that provoked Gozzi's satire. But it would be mistaken to insist too much on the compulsion. Gozzi himself, who was certainly not subject to any pressure, began to introduce more 'human', realistic, and even romantic elements into the later *Fiabe,* and there has even arisen a school of romantic interpretation of them. The change of the type of subject matter in Prokofiev's later operas is in keeping with the change of style in his instrumental music, and we may find, when the operas are known, that Soviet ideology, for all its faults, provided, as it did for his symphonic writing, just what he needed for salvation as an opera composer: a definite direction in his long search for a style and an audience. His perseverance with opera during his last years, in spite of every setback, suggests that he thought the effort worth while. He would certainly have rejected our sympathy. 'Love for Three Oranges' is delightful Prokofiev, but it is not the whole Prokofiev nor even, in that sense, the 'real' Prokofiev.

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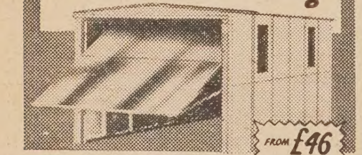

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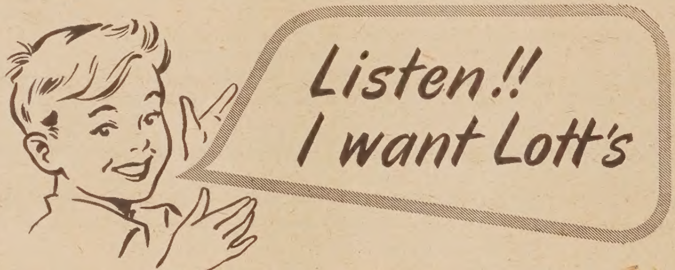

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For the Housewife

Beating the Carpet Beetle

By MARY DANNHORN

CARPET beetles are textile pests which feed on wool, fur, hair, feathers, and horn, or any materials made from these. As with moths, it is the grub which does the actual damage. On carpets and the heavier textiles, the damage is sometimes difficult to detect at first because the grub wanders about quite freely, eating a strand here and there, and it is these weakened threads which subsequently give way. In finer woollens and fabrics the damage appears as neat, round holes, often through several thicknesses of the material, and quite different in appearance from the irregular shape of moth holes.

The adult carpet beetle is oval in shape, rather like a ladybird, but smaller. It is about an eighth of an inch long and its back is mottled, with brown and greyish scales. It can fly, and will feed on nectar and pollen out of doors. The female lays eggs on any material which will provide suitable food for the larva when it hatches out, and the egg-laying takes place in the months of April to August. The grub itself is easily recognisable. It is about three-sixteenths of an inch to a quarter of an inch in length, as a rule, and appears to be striped across the body in varying shades of brown. It is hairy, with longer tufts of hair near the tail. It looks rather like a fat little scrubbing brush. It is busy now—in winter and through to the spring.

The grubs, or 'woolly bears', as they are often called, are found in linen cupboards and in trunks and boxes where woollens are stored. They like living under skirting boards and in the fluff which collects between floorboards. They are often found under carpets, particularly round the edges, beneath furniture which is not often moved, and they can get into the upholstery of the furniture itself. It has been said that birds' nests are favourite breeding grounds, so it might be wise to check up in the attics and roof space to see that no sources of trouble are hidden there.

They can be very troublesome to exterminate and it is necessary to continue treatment for some time to be certain that control is complete—but they can be got rid of. Use a good, non-staining mothproofer liquid, and be sure the spray you use is clean. Metal containers can get rusty and the insecticide may then make stains. Spray well into the cracks under skirtings and along floor boards. Treat all felts and carpets to a good all-over 'misting' with a fine spray, and do the same to the undersides of chairs and settees. In fact, generally speaking, treat as for moth—but 'more so'. The spraying should be carried out once a week for several weeks and then once a month, until all signs of the grubs are gone.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

VINCENT HARLOW, C.M.G., D.Litt. (*page 983*): Beit Professor of the History of the British Empire, Oxford University; member of Colonial Social Science Research Council; Chairman, Imperial Studies Committee, Royal Empire Society; author of *Founding of the Second British Empire 1763-93*, etc.

LORD TWEEDSMUIR (*page 985*): Rector, Aberdeen University, since 1948; served with Canadian Army during war

J. B. MCGEACHY (*page 986*): associate editor of the *Toronto Globe and Mail*

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER (*page 993*): Lecturer in Modern History, University of Oxford, Censor of Christ Church; author of *The Last Days of Hitler, Archbishop Laud*, etc.

SIR DAVID KELLY, G.C.M.G. (*page 997*): Ambassador in Buenos Aires, 1942; also formerly held diplomatic post in Mexico

C. J. HAMSON (*page 1001*): Reader in Comparative Law, Cambridge University

SYDNEY GOODSIR SMITH (*page 1007*): author of *So Late Into the Night, Under the Eildon Tree*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,232. Alphabetical Inserts—II. By Sam

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

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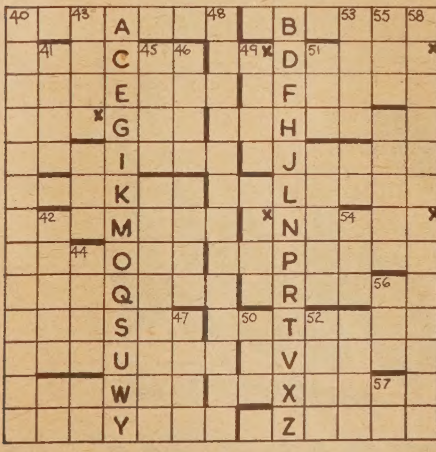
The alphabet has already been inserted in the puzzle. There are twenty-six across lights, thirteen of seven letters and thirteen of six letters, including the inserted letters; the A, G, L, M, N, and W words run from right to left and the others from left to right. The lights are formed by inserting three- or four-lettered words in the three vertical columns formed by the vertical edges of the puzzle and the two columns of inserted letters, and, except where marked X, these words run from left to right. In the second column the bars are the bars of the lights only and are ignored in the four-letter words between the inserted letters. The across words, the positions of which are not given, are clued by definition and also in the form of A (containing the letters of the clued word) minus B which when removed from A leaves the wanted word. Either the clued word or B occurs unbroken in A. Thus SAM could be clued either as SESAME-SEE or as SALAAM-ALA. The number of letters in A is given in brackets. There are down lights, clued normally, to help fix the positions of the across words. Two accents in one light are to be ignored; one light is the surname of a Spanish novelist and critic.



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CLUES—ACROSS

Three-letter words.

1. Syrian woollen stuff=Upholsterer's silk stuff (7)—weight allowance. **2.** Pompous=Mordant (6)—metal container. **3.** Poetically still=Wooden pin (8)—way of carrying arms. **4.** An important date=Went wild (7)—tinged. **5.** Entirely=Petty trader at fair or market (10)—pungent speech. **6.** Name of a Greek letter=Flying opossum (9)—one who chooses words with care. **7.** Corrode=prayer (8)—lobby. **8.** Palindromic parent=Bottle (6)—genus of antelope. **9.** Disfigure=Magazine rifle (6)—advantage. **10.** Passed by=Little grains (8)—heraldic red. **11.** Isolated pillar=Sloven (8)—steadfast. **12.** Expose hemp to moisture=Reclining (8)—West Indian. **13.** Group=Jet for making filaments (9)—fastener.

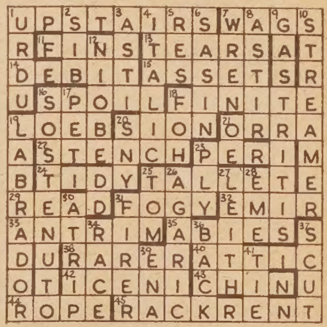
Four-letter words.

14. Pain=Instructor (7)—thrice. **15.** Old people=Fixed a mean (8)—female Christian name. **16.** Ornamental fabric=Ball game (8)—plant refuse. **17.** Female Christian name=Genus of burrowing mammals (7)—name of a Greek letter. **18.** Unsatisfactory=Innocent (9)—glorify. **19.** Prince or chief=Raffia matting (7)—denunciation. **20.** Recess=Pacify (7)—pulse. **21.** Spanish word meaning weight=River and province of Italy (7)—vehicle. **22.** Floated=17th-century ruff (7)—fashion. **23.** Silk hat=Touchable (7)—influence. **24.** On (Old English)=A particular type of poet (9)—govern. **25.** Network=Renew (10)—groups. **26.** German town=Ship's armoury (7)—instigate (rev.). **27.** Embryonic insect=Division of Hymenopterous insects (8)—male Christian name. **28.** Child's apron=Register of a landed estate (7)—mistake. **29.** Chinese town=Rennet (8)—deserve. **30.** Taverns=Novelties (11)—applause. **31.** Constellation=Polish mountain (4, 4)—substance for puddings. **32.** Eugene O'Neill's Orestes=Small drums (9)—gradual wasting away. **33.** Driven=Week (8)—nearly. **34.** Imputes=Retrenchments (9)—Turkish decree. **35.** Cardgame=Libertine (8)—river in both Afghanistan and Sumatra. **36.** Heifer=Squeamish (6)—because. **37.** Scottish Islands=Philologist (10)—protract. **38.** Chinese inch=Religious season (11)—(bit(4)+camp (3)). **39.** Sulky fit=Muster (7)—electoral vase.

DOWN

40R. '— — was weary' wrote Fuller; advice to geography teacher (8, 5). **41.** There is no fly on the Prince of Darkness for a male Phoenician deity (4). **42.** Head-dress made from a rope of raw-hide (5). **43.** A bit of fibrous material for an old English cricketer (4). **44.** Whale? No matter, you've got chick peas (4). **45.** The Scots find it odd to decapitate a skunk (4). **46R.** An animal to attack in two parts (4). **47.** Take in this trick for a fruit (4). **48.** Such heaviness makes you think at first (13). **49R.** Deliver timber in Kent (4). **50.** Yes, you want this twice for a lemur (3). **51R.** Meant in like manner in feudal scrip (3). **52.** In this is completely (4). **53R.** A dainty ran for a freebooter (4). **54.** Half a snip for the Japanese bream (3). **55R.** Males sorrow without **11** (3). **57-56.** Kit Smart 'did not love clean —' (5). **58.** 'When all the world is young, lad, And all the — — —' (5, 3, 5).

Solution of No. 1,230



NOTES

Across: **7.** hid the s(wag s)afe. **11.** grand cof(fins); fee most. **13.** sheep-co(te ars)on is. **14.** ma(de bit)ter. **15.** No wr(asse t)ogues or. **16.** gra(sp oil)y stoneware. **18.** cal(f in ite)m one. **20.** pen(sion). **21.** pri(or ra)nted. **22.** Look! Your (sten ch)um! **23.** shopkee(per i)n business. **24.** un(tidy) dress. **25.** less (tall Et)on boys. **29.** In mo(re ad)ult birds. **31.** In (fog y)our car. **32.** in th(e mir)y ditch. **33.** pleas(ant rim)ing. **35.** and r(abies) are. **38.** c(rare r)ows. **42.** the pla(Ice ni)ne. **43.** A (chin)chilla fur. **44.** fine(r ope)rations. **45.** in bar(rack rent)s are.

Down: **1.** yo(ur du)nderhead. **3.** the m(asti)c heap. **4.** Cap(ital ic)e for. **5.** your p(res)ence. **6.** A crime i(s a sin) committed. **7.** ho(w ren)t, rates. **8.** a v(ast ir)on mouth. **12.** the(n I obe)y, said. **17.** Men com(pet)e together. **20.** Paula'(s ny)lon gift here. **23.** can sup(ply) a man. **25.** A(tom)y. **27.** til(L eith)er. **28.** a th(eme) ought. **30.** co(at rip)ped. **31.** was (Fire! R)out the enemy! **34.** his G(race) as he speaks. **36.** some (back)ing, old man. **37.** At (Scut)ari some sick soldiers. **39.** put (ena)mel on. **41.** the humani(tie)s for.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: C. M. Jenkin-Jones (York); 2nd prize: B. Smart (Wembley); 3rd prize: H. A. Daniels (Sevenoaks)

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